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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, May 22, 1893.

Secretary Carlisle is showing the country just what democratic professions of reforming the Civil Service means. For many years there has been a rule in the Treasury Department requiring newly appointed chiefs of divisions to take a non-competitive examination, merely to test their general knowledge and intelligence. Several of the democrats appointed chiefs of divisions by Sec. Carlisle have simply through lack of ordinary intelligence failed to make even a fairly creditable showing in those examinations and the examinating committee has been compelled to report them unfit for the positions they have been selected to fill. Did Mr. Carlisle make other and better selections in place of these men? Not a bit of it. He simply exercised his authority as Secretary and issued an order changing the rule, making it read that chiefs of divisions in his department may be excused from taking the departmental examination at the discretion of the Sec. of the Treasury. The result of this order will be that the incompetent democrats will draw the salaries of chiefs while their work will in reality be performed by a competent republican clerk under them. No observant man doubts that reforms are needed in the civil service, but he who thinks that they will be made by this administration is doomed to disapointment.

The Geary Exclusion act is to be a dead letter, notwithstanding the Supreme Court decision, until Congress meets, if no longer, it having been decided by the cabinet to spend what money is now available, as well as the $50,000 that will become available July 1, in prosecuting and deporting those Chinamen who are in America in violation of the anti-Chinese law of 1884, and to let the unregistered Chinese alone.

There is much speculation as to the influences the administration brought to bear upon ex-Secretary Fairchild to cause him to withdraw his resignation as chairman of the committee recently appointed to investigate the New York custom house, after having twice refused in writing to serve on the committee. Mr. Fairchild has lost friends by allowing himself to be coerced into doing something that it is well known he did not wish to do.

The democratic Commissioner of Pensions seems to lack the courage of his conviction. A few days ago it was stated by his close friends that he had concluded that the medical boards should be made up hereafter entirely of democrats. There was such a unanimous kick against the manifestly unjust proposition that he made haste to make a half-hearted denial of his intentions to put it into effect. He admits that he favors such a policy, but says that when the sentiment of the locality in which the boards do their work favored a minority representative on the board he would appoint one republican and two democrats. If there is a community in this country in which public sentiment favors making these boards political machines composed solely of the members of one party it is a good community for fair minded men to get out of.

The Spanish Infanta Eulalie and her suite are in Washington, and so far everything attending their entertainment has moved smoothly and apparently satisfactorily to the Spaniards and to the administration. The royal party paid their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland by making an official call at the White House Saturday morning. In the afternoon of the same day Mrs. Cleveland, accompanied by Mrs. Carlisle, Mrs. Lamont, and several other ladies returned the courtesy by calling on the Infanta at the hotel where she and her suite are quartered in royal style. To-morrow evening Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland will entertain the nation's royal guests at a State dinner in the White House, the other guests being the members of the cabinet and ladies of their families, members of the Supreme Court and their wives, and all of the members of the Senate and House committees on Foreign Affairs who are at present in Washington. Thursday the Infanta will go to New York to accept the social attentions of the "four hundred" of that city, and afterwards to the World's Fair.

No wonder Post Master General Bissel said to a delegation the other day, "we are all somebody's menials"; he had just received a curtain lecture from Mr. Cleveland because he dared to make a small appointment in Georgia at the request of Sec. Hoke Smith without first having obtained the approval of Mr. Cleveland. There is no doubt about Bissel's being somebody's menial.

Everybody knows what a picnic is, but most folks would find it hard to say how it got that name, and yet it is simple enough when you come to learn of it. When a picnic was being arranged for, the custom originally was that those who intended to be present should supply the eatables and drinkables. A list of those necessities having been drawn up, it was passed around, and each person picked out the articles of food or drink that he or she is willing to furnish, and the name of the articles was nicked off the list. The open-air entertainment thus became known as "pick and nick." The custom is said to have dated from 1802, so that the picnic is wholly an institution of the nineteenth century.

THE SPANISH PRINCESS.

The arrival of the Spanish Princess and her party is one of the most interesting episodes of the Columbian year. As a member of the royal family she is a distinguished guest, whose coming raises many questions of etiquette and ceremony in this land of Republican manners; but as she is a bright, unaffected Princess, liberally endowed with amibility and good sense, she will not be likely to lay stress on formalities nor to misinterpret the evident desire of the Americans, from the President, who received her in state, to the pilot who benevolently advised her to see something of New York, to give her a cordial welcome. As the direct representative of the Crown under whose patronage the voyages of Columbus were undertaken, she is entitled to as large a measure of hospitality as the Duke of Veragua has already received as the descendant of the discoverer. Since she is a Princess with many graces of mind and manner and a face and a figure of pure Spanish type, there will be great public interest in the receptions and entertainments arranged for her recreation.

The Spanish Government has not been unmindful of its own prestige in the glories of the Columbian celebration. The sailing of the Admiral's caravels from Palos was commemorated with splendid fetes and public festivities; and the liveliest interest has been shown in the naval review in the American waters and in the World's Fair. The visit of the Princess with a distinguished escort is a stately compliment paid to the United States by one of the oldest courts in Europe. It is a sign that Spain regards the first voyage of Columbus as the proudest tradition of its history, and feels that she is entitled to the seat of honor in the international feast of comity and good will. That privilege cannot be challenged on historical grounds; nor has it been affected by decline of prestige in Europe and loss of empire in the New World. The Southern half of the continent discovered by Columbus remains after four centuries essentially Spanish. Republican institutions have been adopted, and except in the West Indies release from Uuropean domination has been secured; but the progress which has been made in tropical America is largely to be attributed to the best traits of Spanish blood and civilization. The English and Spanish races have directed the destinies of the New World of Columbus. They divide the honor of celebrating the greatest event in modern history.

A QUIET WEDDING.

Last Tuesday evening at the home of James H. Stott, corner of Bishop and Spring street, Mr. William R. Jenkins was united in marriage to Miss Katharine H. Stott, both residents of this town. The ceremony was performed by W. A. Houck pastor of the Methodist church, to which the bride belonged.

It was a private marriage, none but relatives and very few friends being invited. Among the present were Dr. Dorworth and family, Mr. and Mrs. M. I. Gardner, Mrs. William Calver and Miss Minnie Bricker, of Reading: Mrs. Iasiah Stott, of Inidanapolis, Ind.; Miss Mamie Tripple and Ed B. Rankin, of Bellefonte. A bounteous repast was spread for the guests and Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins departed on the evening train for Washington and other places on an extended bridal tour. They will be at home to their friends at their residence on High street, after June 1st.

"I learned a new thing," said a lady recently, "while visiting an English friend who is living in this country. We had a small dance one evening of my stay, and my host served the most delicious lemonade I ever drank. I spoke of it the next day, and she told me she made it of freshly boiled water—the secret she said of thoroughly good lemonade. 'I have a regular rule,' she further informed me, 'which insures success if I am making a quart or a gallon. For a quart I take the juice of three lemons, using the rind of one of them. I am careful to peel the rind very thin, getting just the yellow outside; this I cut into pieces, and put with the juice and and powdered sugar of which I use ounces to the quart, in a jug or a jar with a cover. When the water is at a tea point, I pour it over the lemon and sugar, cover at once and let it get cold. Try this way once and you will never make it any other way."

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

New York, May 20, 1893.

The opinion expressed in our last weekly advices that the depression had then touched its lowest point has been confirmed by the course of the market during the past week. The last bank statement, showing a gain of over five million in the surplus reserve an excess in that item over the figures of like date for either of the last two years, was the first fact to firmly arrest the prevailing demoralization. It showed not only that the banks were in a strong position but that a free influx of money from the interior had set in calculated to further strengthen their position at a late stage. In the state of affairs then existing, this was the one thing needed to restore confidence. It meant that no good borrowers, whether financial or mercantile, need longer suffer from lack of accommodation; and as stocks were selling lower than at any time since the Baring diaster, there could be no question as to their being a sound collateral, excepting the "industrials." This condition of the reserves also mollifies any apprehension that may still exist as to the possibility of further exports of gold draining the resources of the banks. The latter movement a more assuring look; the shipments of the past week having been lighter than generally expected. Further failures of banks in Australia have, however, suggested the possibility of some drain from London on this market; but it is felt that such wants as are likely to arise in that quarter can be met without any serious strain. It would seem that no gold can be sent to Australia except what may be needed for purposes of temporary help to embarrassed banks; and the suspended banks are owing a large portion of their deposits to British creditors, whose withdrawals may be expected to largely offset any cash aid sent from London.

So far as the late condition of the Stock Market has been due to purely banking and monetary causes, it is now relieved from that particular source of pressure, and we may count upon a reasonably steady course of the money market for time ahead. This is an important contribution to the recovery of confidence; but there is a limit to the encouraging inference deducible from it. It means that whoever may be disposed to buy good securities, either as an investment or for transient holding upon good margins, may do so with a reasonable prospect of coming out on the right side. But it does not mean that we may expect an extravagant upward reaction in securities generally.

It will be wise for operators to realize how violent is the wrench caused by the break of the "industrials," and how wide its effects may continue. That crash has driven out of the market a large portion of the "outsiders" who have been operating in those stocks and few of them have anything left for resuming operations. It has shaken confidence for the time being in that class of properties, and it has made lenders cautious about making advances on them. Time alone can serve to heal this shock and bring back to Wall Street capital seeking temporary employment in securities. For some time still, the dubious conditions will be exaggerated and the hopeful ones be subjected to a pessimistic discount. There is a lesson yet to be learned by the public about the "industrials," the moral of which will act as a long-protracted caution about the future employment of capital. As the process of investigation into and repair of the crippled "combines" goes on, it will be found how utterly rotten has been the basis of their organization and their methods of conducting business; and when it is reflected how many industries and how many hundreds of millions of commercial capital have fallen under the vicious control of this rotton principle of organization, then will come a second stage of distrust towards these institutions, more dangerous even than the first, for it will be the stage of disintegration and dissolution. When that stage comes, however, we may look for a restoration of natural conditions among our industries at large. But, during the interval, these doomed institutions will remain a source of industrial distrust the influence of which will be unwholesome.

There can be no doubt that the inflation associated with these "trust" organizations has infected industrial operations in quite other directions. The spectacle of the enormous Wall Street speculations in the "cordage," "whiskey," etc., combines has led to the incorporation of a large number of private firms upon a basis of inflation which cannot stand the test of experience and the strains to which credit is periodically subject. Banks and bankers have been made subservient to these creations; and the result has been apparent in the failures of interior banks and the malfeasances of corporate officials which have shocked the country for the last two or three weeks.

Reference is here made to these conditions of industrial inflation, because they constitute a phase of things of which little note has been taken in accounting for the present state of affairs in Wall Street, and also because they stand connected with certain after effects of the crisis which must hang around the investment markets for some time to come. At the same time, while giving due weight to these elements of derangement, we must never lose sight of the immense recuperative power of American rescources and of the quickness with which our people detect their mistakes and throw overboard false methods. The lesson of the "industrials" is already sinking deep into the mind of our people; and the next phase of investment and speculative movements will be to let all such enterprises severely alone, and give more attention to the things that are "honest and of good report." This sort of discrimination will soon perceive that our railroad stocks, at current prices, are an exceptionally good investment; and, at no distant day, both home and foreign investors will take off the market an amount of those issues that will restore values and confidence at the same time. Whilst, therefore, a buoyant restoration of speculative activity is not to be expected, it is reasonable to look for the coming forward of the conservative men of means who always find their opportunity for buying after such a prostration of values as has just befallen Wall Street. I earnestly recommend buying all the good investment stocks on the raids hereafter.

Henry Clews.

TRANSFERS OF REAL ESTATE.

Mrs. Martin J. Dort to Mrs. Elixabeth Fleck. Dated May 10, 1893. Lot of ground in Philipsburg. Consideration $775.

S D Ray et ux and L A Schaeffer et ux to John N Dietrich. Dated May 10, 1893. For lot of ground in Bellefonte. Consideration $475.

C M Bower et ux to Enos Ertley. Dated November 1, 1883. For tract of land in Marion township containing 52 acres and 66 perches.

Enoch Ertly et ux to Margaret Reeder. Dated April 5, 1893. For two tracts of land in Marion township. Consideration $3000.

Philipsburg Coal and Land Co. to Mary Echinston. Dated October 14, 1892. For lot of ground at Osceola Junction, Rush township, Centre county, Pa. Consideration $100.

C H Stanton et ux to Charles Miller. Dated May 8, 1892. For lot of ground in Rush township. Consideration $250.

John B Linn et ux to Mrs. Josie Alexander. Dated May 15, 1893. For 160 acres and 51 perches of land in Huston township. Consideration $6000.

Moses Owens et ux to John Stare. Dated April 18, 1893. For premises in Philipsburg borough. Consideration $1200.

—The stock holders for the new hotel at State College, mention of which was made in the Republican several weeks ago, held a meeting at State College last week and organized as follows: President, W. C. Patterson, Superintendent of State Farm; Vice President, F. H. Thomas, Supt. of Bellefonte Central R. R.; Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Potter; Directors, Dr. W. H. Frear, Vice Director of State College Experiment Station, J. W. Stuart, S. M. Buck, Geo. L. Potter. Mr. Olds, the architect, presented plans for the new building. They have decided that it shall cost $20000. The site is selected and is one of the best in that beautiful town.

—R. H. and H. W. Houser, of Pleasant Gap, have put up 121 rods of wire fence on Gov. Beaver's farm near Bellefonte. They did the work in four days and say it is one of the best jobs in the county. The Houser brothers are regular horses to work. They never get tired and can build more fence in a given time than any other two men in the state. We will bet on them every time; they do good work and do it with lightning speed. They built miles of fence for the railroad company two years ago between Bellefonte and Snow Shoe. The fence they put on Beaver's farm was called the keystone suspension fence.

PUSH.

The Journal wants everyone to "Push Philipsburg. Their advice would apply to residents of every other town in the county. That paper says:

Do what is in your power to improve the appearance of your town. Encourage every enterprise that promises to increase the value of its property. Use your best endeavors to induce strangers to enter and abide therein.

—Out of the 46,000 pensioners paid from the Pittsburg agency, from pension day three months ago to last pension day, April 4, 500 died. At that rate it won't be long before all will be mustered out.

A BUNGLED HANGING.

George H. Abbot, Alias Frank C. Almy Executed Yesterday.

Concord, N. H., May 16.—George H. Abbot, alias Frank C. Almy, was hanged at 10.14 o'clock this morning, in the state prison, for the atrocious murder of Christie Warden at Hanover, on the evening of July 17, 1891. A large number of citizens came from Hanover on the early morning train to witness the hanging, among them being Bert Warden, brother of the murdered girl, and C. E. Hewitt, the student who shot Almy in the Warden barn before he was captured. The execution was a bungling job. Almy's feet touched the floor when he fell through the drop and he was strangled to death.

Few events in the criminal annals of new England have created the intensity of interest which has been manifested in the murder of Christie Warden and the developments that followed. The indentification of Almy as Abbot showed him to be one of the most remarkable murderers ever known. Of the past fifteen years he spent ten in various prisons, and yet he was not 35 years of age until January 1, 1892. Abbot was born in January, 1857, at Salem, Mass., and three days after his birth the mother died.

When ten years old he was sent to the district school, but he had not been there long before the scholars began to miss small articles, and they were finally traced to Abbot. At 12 he was stealing jewelry, and at 14 he had fitted up a cave by the river where he concealed articles of plunder. He was arrested for stealing from a neighbor, but his father, adding his influence to that of an uncle, finally succeeded in settling the case.

In the fall of 1874, when Abbot was 17 years old, he was arrested for entering a house and stealing forty silver watches, valued at $400 and twenty gold pins, valued at $25. He was arraigned for burglary in the court at Plymouth, November 5, 1874, pleaded guilty to the charge, was sentenced to four years in state prison at Concord, and was committed November 14, 1874. The father, overcome by shame and despondency, committed suicide by hanging himself in his barn at Salem. He left his son's share of his estate in trust until the boy should become of age and be released from confinement.

While serving his sentence Abbot behaved well enough to secure a slight reduction of his term. He took an interest in the religious exercises, became a teacher in the Sunday school and left the prison July 9, 1878, quite a different man from what he was when he entered it. On his discharge from Concord he was of age and came into possession of the property left by his father, about $5,000, but he spent it all in one year.

Abbot soon turned to his old companions and directed the depredations of a large gang of burglars and highwaymen. During the year of 1890 he created a reign of terror in North Thetford and the neighboring towns, houses and stores being entered. Suspicion pointed so strongly to Abbot that he suddenly disappeared. He was afterward located on the Thetford mountain, where he had fortified and furnished a cave at an almost inaccessible point. A posse was organized and proceeded to his hiding place. He resisted capture until badly wounded, and was brought to the village on a stretcher, the physicians pronouncing him almost paralyzed. Abbot cleverly encouraged this belief, and one night when his keeper left the room, he jumped out of bed, and, with only a bed quilt wrapped around him, fled into the woods. A searching party was organized and some hours later he was found in a railroad culvert, speechless with cold. He was carried back and placed in the Chelsea, Vt., jail, where he remained until the following spring. He was tried for burglary, and on June 23, 1881, sentenced to fifteen years in the state prison at Windsor Vt.

Abbot was made the engineer of the prison and performed his duties satisfactorily. He saved up bits of string and pieces of gas pipe until he had a rope ladder with which to help himself over the prison walls. As engineer he had to report his presence by pressing an electric button every fifteen minutes. On the evening of September 30, 1887, the 7.15 signal sounded from the engine room. A moment later Abbot darted across the prison yard, mounted the wall and, hastily swinging his ladder to the other side, descended to the ground, and was no longer a guest of the state of Vermont. He went south, where he worked for ranchmen in Texas, as an engineer in Georgia and as an oysterman on the boats at Baltimore, and in the spring of 1889 he turned northward. In May he worked at Edgemour, Del., under the name of Frank C. Almy, and claimed then that he was born in New Hampshire. His next appearance was at the home of his aunt at Cambridgeport, April 4, 500 died. At that rate it won't be long before all will be mustered out. and a few days later, about June 6, 1889, he applied for work among the farmers.

On July 11, 1890, Abbot (or Almy, as he was then known) applied for work at the farm of Andrew Warden, of Hanover. Here he met Christie Warden. The story of his unsuccessful attempts to win her regard and her firm, yet kind, declination to accept a man who could tell nothing of his antecedents, is a familiar one. On the 1st of April, 1891, Almy's time expired, and he was not re-engaged. The family, who had become alarmed at the violent temper were glad to have him go, but tried to send him away in a good humor. After leaving Mr. Warden's house Almy returned to Salem, but on June 14, 1891, he was hiding in Andrew Warden's barn. At all the places where he had stopped while away he had showed pictures of Christie and Fannie Warden and displayed the necktie case given him at Christmas by "My Christie."

The shocking story of Almy's last crime has burnt itself into the hearts of every household in New England. A pure, innocent and noble young woman was seized from her mother's side and murdered with a ferocity such as the jungles of India cannot rival. About 9.30 o'clock on the evening of July 17, Mrs. Warden, accompanied by her two daughters and a friend, was slowly making her way homeward along a deserted road. Suddenly there appeared the figure of a man, and as he stood in the roodway, and faced them, a chill of terror stole over their hearts. He said: "Mrs. Warden, you and Fanny may move on with safety. I shall not harm you unless you interfere with me, and if you do I will shoot you like dogs."

Then, turning to the sisters behind, Almy exclaimed: "Christie, I have come 1 000 miles to meet you, and now our time is short." Almy lost no time in carrying out his design. Grasping Christie around the waist, he dragged her to the bars, which he lowered, and pulled her over to the woodland beyond. He then threw his victim to the ground, and, grasping her firmly by the feet and skirts, dragging her toward a small brook about 200 yards from the highway.

As he proceeded Almy pointed his revolver at the other terrified woman and threatened to kill them if they interfered. Fanny screamed for help and Almy fired at her several times, but the bullets missed her. Emmett Marshall, a young man, heard the girl's screams, but as he was unarmed he was afraid to attack Almy. As they stealthily approached the place where Almy had disappeared two shots were heard, a man was seen running away, and when they reached the scene of the tragedy they found Christie lying dead on the ground, with a wound in her back and another in the head.

The murderer secretly returned to his hiding place in the Warden barn, and was there looking out between the boards when the lifeless body of his victim was being carried into the sorrow-stricken home. There he remained in concealment for more than a month, foraging about the country at night for his means of sustenance, and often visiting the grave of Christie. On August 18, Mrs. Warden, the mother, found some empty cans under the barn, and notified the authorities. Wednesday night, August 19, Professor George H. Whitchee and Deputy Sheriff Brown watched the Warden premises, and at 1.30 the next morning were rewarded by seeing Almy come around the corner of the barn and go to an apple tree for fruit. The alarm was given, the barn was surrounded and after having his leg broken by a bullet fired by Charles Hewitt, Almy surrendered, on the assurance of John M. Fuller that he should not be lynched. He was taken to the Wheelock house where he was identified as George N. Abbot by his relatives, by boyhood friends, by officers who had arrested him previously, and by the authorities from the state prison at Windsor, Nermont.

Almy's trial commenced November 16, 1891, and he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the first Tuesday of December 1892. Owing to irregularities he secured a new trial, and in April, 1892, was again convicted and sentenced to be hanged May 16, 1893.

—James Morgan, of the firm of Kelley Bros. and Morgan, miners and shippers of coal, from Snow Shoe, was in Bellefonte on business last Thursday. Mr. Morgan says that their firm has a lease of what is known as the old Snow Shoe vein. They have in their employ 13 miners and ship two cars of coal a day. Mr. Morgan is an energetic business man and we expect that they will soon be mining and shipping twenty cars a day instead of two. He is a man who is thoroughly acquainted with his business and has the energy and push to make whatever he takes hold of a success. We wish him every good fortune.

—The possible discovery of gold in Penn township, this county, is creating a little excitement over in that section. Hope they'll find it in big chunks.

The Suspended Judgment.

They were casting votes for life or death.

The day had been warm for spring, even in that southern attitude, and the grateful coolness of the coming night was unconsciously welcomed by both men and horses as they halted where the trail left the open mesa and climed the little divide.

The animals had been gathered in, head to head, and all the bridles were held by one of the party; the prisoner, still hand cuffed, has been allowed to dismount, and now stood silent, looking down the rolling plaia toward the sunset, watched by a single guard.

The others, seven in number, in a group half a dozen rods away were casting votes.

The leader of the posse, christened fifty years ago in some quaint English village John Robinson, but for better known in his New Mexican home as "Sheriff Jack," held the ballot-box, a worn somebero.

"Now, gentlemen, let us understand this question, so that no trouble arise hereafter," said he, glancing about at his companions. "We have, at the call of our city, made a successful effort to capture James Brownell, otherwise known as Red Jim, who to-day stands indicted for more than half the crimes that have been committed in Osage County during the past five years. Time was, and not so far in the past either, as several of you can bear me witness, when such a capture meant a prompt trial and short shrift for the prisoner; but customs have changed. Our duty, it seems to me, it to return to Mesa City Brownell, and submit him to the disposition of the regularly organized authorities. The road, however, is long, our horses tired and the man desperate, and some of you believe it better to conclude the matter here and at once, all things being seemingly convenient," and as he paused, his eye unconsciously turned toward the single stunted pine that with sturdy, out stretched limbs stood near. "In order, therefore, as it were, to poll the jury on the question of what to do with our prisoner, I have proposed the casting of ballots. Draw up, gentlemen, and make your wills known: a pistol cartridge means Judge Lynch, a Winchester the court at home, and the majority shall rule. Prepare your ballots."

There was a certain grim humor about both the speaker and his address, but the others did not notice it. They busied themselves in selecting, each according to his choice, the required cartridge, and then with all the solemn decorum of a New England school meeting, one by one they advanced and dropped the leaden messengers of their desires into the hat.

There was no discussion, no seeking to influence each other, and when Sheriff Jack had passed his sombrero to the two who watched the prisoner and held the horses, with the same official dignity he declared the polls closed and turning the cartridges out upon the ground, separated them, large and small, into two tiny piles, counting them as he did so.

A man's life hung in the balance, but no sign of excitement showed itself upon the bronzed faces of the posse, nor was there an expression of satisfactory or disappointment when, rising, the Sheriff said:

"Boot and saddle! We ride home! The verdict is five for town law to four against it—and much good may it do him," he added, with a half-regretful fling of his head toward the silent prisoner, who had watched all these proceedings, even to the final announcement, with the stoicism of an Indian. The vote had meant death to him within an hour or days of opportunity; yet not a shadow had crossed his hardened face. Now, at a sign from his guard, he mounted himself in the center of the little calalcade and at a brisk trot all proceeded northward through the rapidly deepening gloaming of the evening.

Two months later Mesa City lay scorched and browning beneath the blaze af a July sun.

The wide streets, flanked by rows of painfully new brick stores and wooden dwelling, the court house, city hall, graded school and churches, the diamond shaped plaza, boasting a dryurned Niobe, and even the discouraged trees that had been planted near the doors of the tempting saloon were one and all white beneath the alkali dust, and quivered and shivered in burning glare like the unstable city of a mirage.

Few inhabitants ventured forth, for the heat was unusual even for New Mexico, and while it lasted work must wait. But in one building there had gathered quite a concourse, notwithstanding the temperature and Judge Gary looked from the bench across a crowded room as the crier arose and with sonorous voice announced the opening of the court for the trial of criminal cases.

There were a few minor cases, all occupying some two or three hours, when the attention of the Court and the audience became fixed by the final cause upon the day calendar. Under the the escort of Sheriff Jack, still ironed and a trifle paler than when last seen. James Brownell was led into the room and took his place in the prisoner's dock. The murmur of low conversation, the occasional squak of a pen, the shuffling of feet, all ceased as the clerk arose to read the indictments.

Violation of the liquor laws, violation of the gambling laws, horse stealing, robbery, burglary, and, last of all, murder. One by one the black record was spread before the Court, the result of a series of years of iniquities, the work of half a dozen Grand Juries, and now, for the first time, the much indicted man was in the hands of the law to answer its repeated summons. Judge Gary looked towards Brownell.

"How does the prisoner plead?"

Not guilty to every count in every indictment," replied his attorney, one of the younger lawyers in the city; "and we demand a separate trial upon each charge."

A murmur of disapproval ran through the room. Was this notorious desperado to escape through the very technicalities and delays of the laws he had set at defiance.

"Then it becomes the right of the District Attorney to move whichever of the indictments he may choose," replied the Judge. "Mr. Arnold, what is the desire on the part of the people?"

The gray haired prosecutor for the county arose, and in a deliberate and dignified manner announced that he would elect to try under the principal indictment.

"The greater might be said in this case. Your Honor, to include the less. should the prisoner be convicted of murder, it will relieve both him and the commonwealth from the wearinness and expense of trials for the lesser crimes; should he be acquitted I shall move an immediate trial under the indictment for burglary."

The crowd breathed more easily. Brownell was not too scape after all.

"Old Arnold'll do him," whispered one listener to another; "the evidence in a dead sure thing! He's bound to hang,' an' the Sheriff's posse thought so, or they'd never a' brought him in!"

The preliminaries were soon over, a jury drawn and agreed to, the case opened, and the trial begun.

Witness after witness was sworn in rapid succession, and the dark story of the crime with which Brownell was charged—a street riot, resulting in the death of one of the rioters—was retold in all its hideousness. The crowd listened with eager ears, untiring for hours, though the heat seemed to grow with the day; the lawyers bent more closely over their notes; the Judge forgot to lean back in his chair, and even the prisoner, resting with manacled hands upon the rail of the criminal's box wherein he sat, showed by the gloom that gathered upon his brutal face the dull, angry glow in his eye that he appreciated the desperate strait in which he stood.

When the prosecution had rested, the attorney for Brownell bent toward him and whispered earnestly in his ear. The man shook his head. Again the lawyer addressed him, urging some plan of defense newly thought, with a gesture indicative of irritation, young Stewart rose, and turned to address the jury.

He told them of his client's early life, the lack of good influences, the hard paths for childish feet, the temptations of youth, the struggles and failures of manhood. He told them of the fight for mere existence against fate and fortune, with one to lead a helping hand or breathe a heartening word, of the frowning face of virtue and the tempting one of vice, of aspirations smothered, efforts unavailing, good intentions trodden under foot, and, at last, of hopeless, friendless, despairing wickedness. He warned them against circumstantial evidence only; he spoke of the inherent right of self defense; he prayed their pity and the benefit of the smallest cloud that might cast a shadow of doubt, he opened and closed the case without a witness and sat down.

Mr. Arnold summed up for the people—coldly, logically, convincingly; and when as he closed the level rays of the western sun shot through the dusty windows and lit the waiting faces of the Court and jury with their glory of crimson and gold, the prisoner, untouched in the falling showed where he sat, seemed, to the breathless audience, to rest beneath the gloom of a certain punishment, desperate and without reprieve.

In a few words the Court charged the jury so clearly, so fairly, that even Brownell raised his ashen face from the rail whereon he had bowed it, once more to study, with gleaming eyes, the countenance of the arbiters of his fate.

As the twelve left the room their entered a child—a wee thing—in white, who wandered slowly in from the door behind the bar, looking solemnly about as if in search of some lost friend, until her gaze fell upon Judge Gary. Then the little face brightened, and, with a shout of "Grandpa!" she struggled through the chair assisted by the lawyers, and claimed a seat at his side, where, for a few moments, she whispered softly to the old man as he waited for the hour of adjournment.

"Grandpa it's going to rain, and mamma wants you to come home! There is a big cloud over that way, and it's awful black!" and, with round eyes of wonder, she pointed directly to the south.

"But pet," said the Judge, "grandpa's busy now. Who said that you could come here?"

"No one: only mamma's 'fraid, and I knowed she wanted 'oo, an' it's a big cloud, an' it whirls and whirls, an' it scared me, too!"

As the Judge was about to reply a slight commotion attracted his attention. A moment later the jury filed in their box, and the foreman rose and faced the Court.

A hush fell upon the room as the clerk called the roll; then in a voice that shook a little he said:

"Have the jury agreed upon their verdict?"

"How do they find?"

"Guilty, as charged in the indictment."

A sound that might have been a sigh ran through the listeners. The Judge rose and faced the prisoner. In the silence that reigned the voice of the distant wind, roaring afar off fell upon the waiting ears, and the last gleam of sunlight faded from the wall.

Solemnly the District-Attorney moved the sentence now he passed upon the prisoner.

"Brownell, stand up. Have you anything to say why the sentence of this Court should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner had noted the return verdict as one in a dream—as a man stunned by a thunderbolt watches the destruction of his home, wrought by the same messenger from heaven, dazed and unnerved. As the sound of the Judge's voice beat upon his dull ears he turned his head slowly, and looked at him wonderingly.

"Have you anything to say?"

The man gathered his feet beneath him and with an effort rose. For a long moment he gazed about him—at the jury in the box, the Judge on the bench, and the dense and waiting crowd behind him. Then an ugly smile spread across his face, and a fierce light burned in his heavy eyes.

"Hev I anything ter say? Yes; I dare ye all to do yer worst! Do you think Red Jim is afeared er thet ye kin cow him? Ye don't know him! Murder, is it, for a man to save his own life an' ye threaten ter hang me? Do it! Go on an' read out yer sentence. I defy ye' Sheriff, an' all! Red Jim never squeals!" and, with a snarl like that of an animal he waved the menacled arms above his head.

"I know the trouble; ye're all afeard of me, an' ye better be, fer ef the devil lets me live, I'll be the curse of the thin-blooded town an' every one in it! I hate it! Curse ye one an' all! What hev ye ever done for me? Nothing but ter foller me an' drive me out of decent livin' an' make me outcast an' a criminal as I am! When I asked for work what did yer give Jail! When I found a place ye told my boss thet I'd rob him, an' he turned me out! When I tried to be decent every man's hand an' every woman's tongue in this black town was agin me, an' I curse ye all!"

The man had worked himself into a fury. His eyes glared, his face was white as death, and his shackled hands swung to and fro excitedly, clanking the heavy irons as though they were bells.

His listeners were stunned—all but Sheriff and the Judge, and when the former would have seized the prisoner and conveyed him from the room, the justice stopped him.

As Brownell paused for breath, the dull roar of the wind sounded louder in the ears of the people, and the darkness, unusual except as the forerunner of a storm at this time of the year, thickened momentarily. The Judge's granddaughter had crept into his arms and hidden her face.

"Ye hev forgot thet I was ever bettr'n the dogs at yer doors, er the snakes at yer heels; but I hev not! Who saved you from the Injuns thirteen years ago, Tom Bonoin?" he shouted turning suddenly toward one of the jurymen and stretching his manacled arms in his direction. "Who saved ye an' yor fambly up on the Rios? Red Jim? But he's wuss nor an Injun now! Who caught the man that tried to steal yer daughter, Dan O'Neil?" he continued, pointing to another juryman, "when he hed shot yer horse under ye, and the girl had fainted in his arms? Who? Red Jim? But ye don't remember it! Who went into the engine-room of the Last Chance Mine an' shut off the steam when every coward had run, an' the b'iler was at the point of burstin' an' the cage with fifteen men would have gone to the bottom of the shaft? Red Jim? But that don't count? He's a desperado now—hang him! Hang him!"

His voice was raised to a shriek. and sounded shrill through the gloom above the deepening thunder of the storm.

"And you the Judge Gary, that are to sentence me to hang by the neck until I'm dead, I talk to ye with ye grandchild in ye arms! Who refused her father times without number and cared fer him nights without number? Who druv him back to ye when ye couldn't git him yerself an' tried to make a man of him? Who saved him frum the hand of the men who would a' torn him in pieces the last night of his life fer his devilish work with his knife when he had no friends? Red Jim! Who gave yer son a bed to die in, old man, when ye hed refused it yerself? Red Jim! And now he braves yé an curses ye' one and all! Curses, double courses, ten thousand curses on—"

A sudden mighty blow, bursting the side of the building, a hideous roar, like the voice of an angry ocean, a crash as if the heavens had fallen, inky blackness blotting out everything, and amid the rending of wood and iron, the shrieks of victims, and the wild trumpeting of the storm, the cyclone swept on, leaving a mass of ruins where the court house had stood.

* * * * *

Half a dozen hours later, as the rescuers labored, they came upon an opening, a sort of protection chamber, as it were, in front of the desk where the bar had formerly been, made by the great beams falling one upon the other. And within it were found three persons—Judge Gary stretched upon the floor, stunned but breathing, and, bending over him, Red, Jim holding in his breast, the little form of the Judg'es granddaugter, living and unhurt.

But the central iron support of the court house dome had fallen directly across this group, and Brownell had yielded his life in the effort to protect and save the others. —Magazine of Short Stories.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

"Mark my words"—said the reporter who was disposed to argue.

"I will," said the city editor, as he drew his blue pencil.

Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.

Bronson—Do you intend to have a garden this summer?

Johnson—It depends upon whether you intend to keep chickens or not.

The only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It's the best because it cures. Take no other. 50cts.

"Recon you'll get the office?"

"Can't tell; feller that's in now's got red tape an' rheumatism, and six camp meetin's prayin' fer him."

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

Deacon Jones—Do you think it sinful to marry for money?

Parson Tium—It never occured to me so; on the contrary, sometimes I have thought the fee too small.

Ripans Tabules are always ready.

New pastor—Did you hear your father say how he liked my sermon yesterday?

Little Johnny—He said it was too short.

"Well, I declare."

"Yes, sir. Pop hates to be waked up out of a sound sleep."

If you want to get cured take Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. It's the best. Try it. 50 cents.

Higgs—Briggs' physician has prescribed cigaret smoking for him.

Miggs—What a horrible prescription—what is it for?

Higgs—To cure the tobacco habit, I believe.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

"Did Mrs. Dudderson cry when her daughter married old Boohdel?"

"Yes, poor thing. It is tough to bring up a daughter, and then, at the age of 21, have her cut her mother out."

Ripans Tabules: see advertisement.

"That man over there is talking while I am trying to figure, and he puts me out," said a guest to the hotel clerk.

"Well, that's what we hire him for," was the reply. "He's our bouncer."

She—Do you think there will be any men in heaven?

He—No; they prefer to go where they can smoke.

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Woodman's Specific No. 4 is a scientific combination of vegetable products. Perfectly harmless, but will cure a cold pills, easy to take, pleasant to the taste and can be carried in the vest pocket. 25 doses for 25 cts. To verify the truthfulness of our statement, it costs but a trifle. One trial will convince you.

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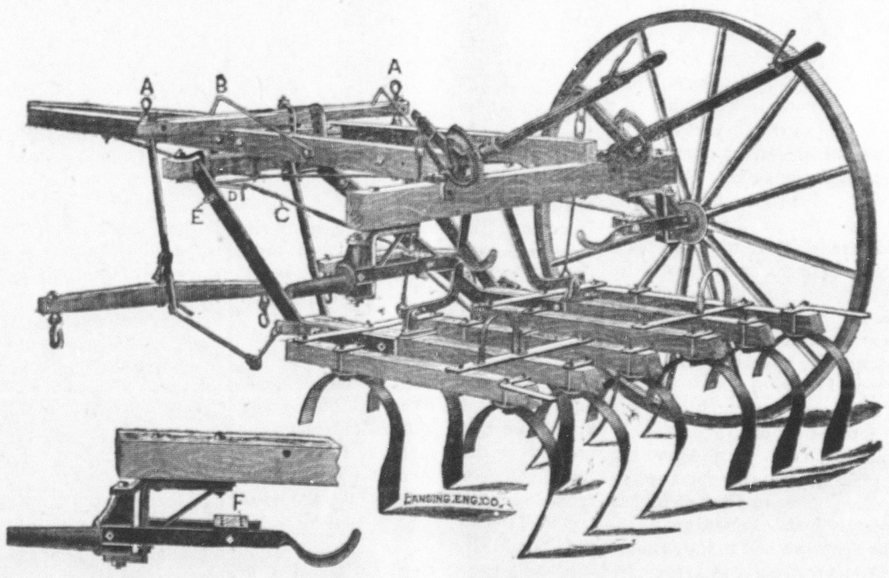
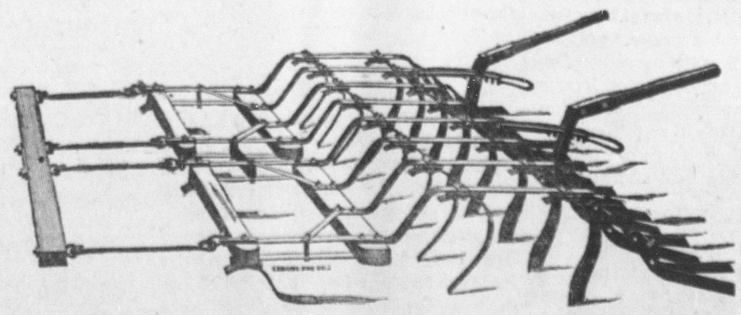
THE "WHIPPLE" INVIGORATOR.



The above is a cut of the Invigorator, a Wheel Spring Tooth Cultivator, which exterminates the weeds, pulverizes the soil and invigorates the Corn. For sale by

McCALMONT & CO.

THE WEED EXTERMINATOR.



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Why suffer with Boils? Why rave with that terrible Headache? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain, with Rheumatism? What makes you tremble so?—Your nerves are all unstrung, and need a gentle soothing tonic to assist nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. Sulphur Bitters is not a cheap Rum or poor Whiskey drink, to be taken by the glass, like other preparations which stimulate only TO DESTROY. If you have failed to receive any benefit from other med-icines or doctors, do not despair. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will cure you where all others fail. No person can remain long sick who uses Sulphur Bitters

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My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary. Address, ORATOR F. WOODWARD, LeROY, N. Y.

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UNLIKE ANY OTHER FOR HOUSEHOLD USE.

Was originated and first prescribed by AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN in 1810. Could a remedy without real merit have survived over eighty years?

SOOTHING, HEALING, PENETRATING For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use.

Stops Rheumatic Pains and Inflammation. Cures Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cramps and Pains, Summer Complaints, Cuts and Bruises like magic. Cures Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Cholera-Morbus, Chilblains, Chaps, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Muscles or Strains. Inhale for Nervous Headache. Ill'st'd Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cts. Six bottles, $2.00. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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DESSERTS, JELLIES, CUSTARDS, AND FRUITS.

The *forte* of the regulation American housekeeper has always been the infinity of small sweets classed indiscriminately under the name of "Dessert;" even comparatively inexperienced young housewives have already mastered some such dish before they have learned to make a good soup or to properly roast meat. Among those offered are some old time favorites which may present to the younger generation the aspect of novelty, while to the older they recall past culinary triumphs. We can not do better than head the list with one of the most refreshing and wholesome of milk preparations, suitable for either dessert or for a breakfast dish.

VIRGINIA BONNY-CLABBER.

Heat a quart of sweet milk to about blood heat in the winter, or in summer use that which is suddenly turned by a thunder-shower; after the milk is turned, and before it is quite thickened, or set, put into a glass or china dish nice enough to send to the table, and let it get very cold before serving it. Serve the bonny-clabber in glass saucers, sprinkling over it a little grated nutmeg and brown sugar, and pouring cream around it; it should be served with a perforated spoon, in order to avoid taking up any of the whey, which shows as soon as the bonny-clabber is cut or broken. This is a favorite Southern breakfast dish.

CLOTTED CREAM.

Let unskimmed milk stand in a clean milk-pan for twelve hours without moving the pan; then set the pan on the back of the stove where it will heat gently until the top begins to wrinkle, but do not allow it to begin to boil; at that point carefully remove the pan from the fire, and let it remain undisturbed until the cream is cold; then with a skimmer lift the clotted cream from the whey, and put it into a glass dish to send to table.

DUTCH CURDS.

Put a quart of thick, sour milk in a shallow pan, place it on the back of the stove, and heat it gradually; as the bottom of the milk heats lift it on a skimmer and lay it at the top; so proceed until the curd is all separated from the whey, being very careful not to allow the curd to reach the boiling point; as soon as the curd and whey are separated pour them into a perforated tin mold to drain for an hour, or tie them in little balls in very thin cloth, and hang them up to drain; after the whey has drained from the curds serve them with sugar or salt and sweet cream.

BAKED APPLE JELLY.

Peel, quarter and core two quarts of tart apples, put them into an earthen baking-dish in layers with sugar, using as much sugar as the flavor of the apples requires, pour a gill of cold water over the apples, cover the dish with a plate reversed, or with a close-fitting tin cover, and bake the jelly until it turns red, then cool it, turn it out on a pretty dish, and serve it cold.

CUP CUSTARD.

Mix, by beating together, four eggs, four heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a teaspoonful of any flavoring essence; when the eggs and sugar are quite smooth stir with them a pint of milk; strain the custard so made into cups, set the cups in a pan half full of water, place them in a moderate oven, and bake them for about fifteen minutes, or until the custard is firm; the water in the pan will insure even cooking; as soon as the custards are firm take them from the oven; use them either hot or cold.

BOILED CUSTARD.

Beat together the yelks of five eggs and four heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar; when they are quite smooth, stir in a quart of milk, and flavor the custard with any essence preferred; strain the custard in a farina kettle or double boiler, place it over the fire and constantly stir it until it begins to thicken; as soon as the custard begins to thicken, remove it at once from the fire, and continue to stir it for two minutes to make it quite smooth; then use it, either cold or hot. If by any mischance there are lumps in the custard, it must be strained before it is used.

MRS. CLINTON LOCKE'S WHITE CUSTARDS.

Heat to the boiling point a pint and a half of cream; put a dozen custard cups into a pan of water; put the whites of four raw eggs in a large earthen bowl, and when the cream is hot stir it with the whites until the two ingredients are thoroughly incorporated; then sweeten and flavor the custard palatably, pour it into the cups, cover them with thick brown paper, and bake them in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes, or until they are firm. Serve the cups of custard hot or cold.

LEMON APPLE CUSTARDS.

Stew sub-acid apples to a pulp, after peeling and coring them, adding to six large apples the grated rind and juice of one lemon, and six tablespoonfuls of sugar; when the apple sauce is cold add to it four eggs, beaten smoothly, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and a pint of milk; put the custard thus made into a dozen small cups, set them in a dripping-pan containing sufficient cold water to reach half way up the sides of the cups, and bake the custards in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes, or until they are firm.

The custards can be made without the fresh lemon when it is not available by substituting lemon essence; or when the flavor is not desired, any good flavoring essence can be substituted for it, and the name of the dish changed; grated nutmeg or powdered spice can be used to replace it. Putting the cups of custards into the pan of water insures their baking without the formation of whey.

FRESH STRAWBERRY JELLY.

Dissolve an ounce and a half of gelatine in two thirds of a cupful of water, by stirring them constantly over the fire, and then place the dissolved gelatine where it will not harden. Quickly crush two quarts of ripe hulled strawberries through a sieve with a wooden spoon, and strain them to remove the seeds; sweeten the juice thus obtained to taste, with powdered sugar; tehn mix with it the dissolved gelatine, put it into molds or glasses, and place them in a refrigerator until the jelly is quite stiff. Serve the jelly cold. Do not keep it too long before using it.

CANNED PEACH JELLY.

Soak a box of gelatine in a cupful of cold water for an hour. Put the juice from a can of peaches over the fire, with a cupful of granulated sugar; let it boil until it is clear, removing all scum as it rises; when no more scum rises, put into it the peaches and let them boil up once; then carefully remove them from the syrup without breaking them, and pour the hot syrup over the gelatine; add to it the juice of a lemon or two tablespoonfuls of brandy, a cupful of boiling water; put all these ingredients over the fire, and stir them constantly until the gelatine is entirely dissolved; then strain the hot jelly through a fine sieve; put the peaches into a mold, pour the liquid jelly over them and set the mold in a cold place until the jelly is quite firm; when the jelly is firm, turn it from the mold and serve it.

APPLE CREAM.

Weigh three pounds of apples and a half pound of sugar; peel and core the apples, cut them in thin slices, and put them into a porcelain-lined kettle with the sugar, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, and a teaspoonful of ground ginger; simmer all these ingredients slowly, until the apples are tender enough to rub through a sieve with a potato-masher. Meantime, scald a quart of fresh cream, mix the apple pulp with it, beat it thoroughly, and use it either warm or cold.

SAGO AND WINE.

Wash one ounce of sugar in cold water, put it over the fire in a pint of cold water, stirring it to prevent burning; let it slowly approach the boiling point, and boil it gently until tender; then stir into it two tablespoonfuls of sugar an a glass of Madeira or sherry wine, and serve it hot or cold.

Miss Searandyellow (jauntily)—Well, I suppose I might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb.

Miss Greenleaf—Don't be afraid, dear. No one will ever kill you for a lamb.

"I Owe my Life to You."

That is a strong statement.

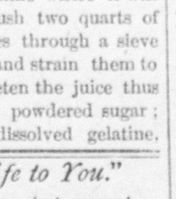
Yet exactly what Miss Gertrude Sickler, of Wilton, N. J., has written to Mrs. Pinkham.

She says:—

"I suffered terribly with suppressed and painful menstruations. Doctors could only keep me from having fits each month by giving me morphine. This continued until I was completely prostrated.

"My father at last got me a bottle of *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, which at once gave me relief. It did what the doctors could not—cured me. I never have any trouble now, and have no dread of the coming month.

"I owe my life to you. Oh! if other suffering women would try your valuable medicine they would bless you as I do."



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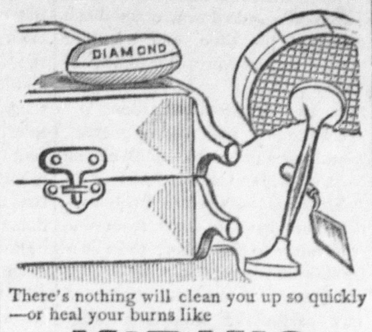

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HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

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For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant —the healing wonderful and unequaled.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

THE PILE OINTMENT

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

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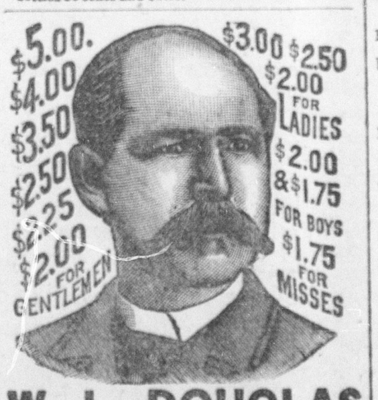
It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.00.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE WILL NOT RIP.

Best Calf Shoe in the world for the price. W. L. Douglas shoes are sold everywhere. Everybody should wear them. It is a duty you owe yourself to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value at the prices advertised above, as thousands can testify.

☞ Take No Substitute. ☜

Beware of fraud. None genuine without W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Look for it when you buy.

W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

For Sale by LYON & CO.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 25 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies that do not injure the health or interfere with one's business or pleasure. It builds up and improves the general health, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion. No wrinkles or flabbiness follow this treatment. Endorsed by physicians and leading society ladies. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Harmless. No Starving. Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars to DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

STATIONS	Dis	Eastward A.M	Westward A.M	Westward P.M
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 25	4 15
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 29	4 18
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 31	4 21
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 42	4 33
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 45	4 45
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 54	4 50
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	10 02	4 57
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 09	5 05
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 18	5 15
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 28	5 25
Milesburg	25.5	5 45	10 38	5 38
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 43	5 43
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 51	5
Julian	32.2	6 05	11 00	5
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 09	5
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6
Hannah—f	42.7	6 28	11 25	6
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 29	6
Dix—f	46.3	6 32	11 32	6
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 38	11 38	6
Vail	51.2	6 42	11 43	6
East Tyrone	53.0	6 44	11 46	6
TYRONE	54.3	6 52	11 55	6

STATIONS	Dis	Eastward A.M	P.M	P.M
TYRONE		8 10	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 20	3 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 25	3 24	7 39
Dix—f	8.0	8 30	3 30	7 45
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	3 33	7 48
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	3 37	7 52
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	3 44	7 59
Martha	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 07
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 16
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 17	8 32
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 35
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 45
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 00
Curtin	34.4	9 56	4 46	9 07
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 02	4 50	9 14
Howard	39.8	10 09	4 57	9 22
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 17	5 15	9 30
Beech Creek	46.0	10 20	5 08	9 33
Mill Hall	51.3	10 31	5 19	9 44
Flemington	52.5	10 34	5 24	9 47
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 37	5 25	9 50

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Westward Dis.	Stations	Dis.	Eastward
P.M A.M			A.M P.M
4 50 10 00	SCOTIA	25.6	9 21 4 40
5 05 10 18 5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09 4 25
5 15 10 28 8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56 4 16
5 21 10 34 10.6	Hostler f	15.9	8 50 4 08
5 26 10 46 12.8	Marengo f	13.6	8 43 4 01
5 32 10 52 13.5	Loreville f	12.1	8 37 3 55
5 39 10 58 15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31 3 49
5 43 11 02 15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27 3 46
5 53 11 10 18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19 3 38
6 03 11 20 20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10 3 30
6 15 11 32 23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58 3 19
6 25 11 40 25.6	TYRONE		7 50 3 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.25 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.50 p m.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892

Dis. Westward				Eastward		
a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
.0	5.45	2.00	MONTANDON	5.30	9.10	4 55
1.5	6.15	2.08	Ar..LEWISBURG..Lv	5.20	9.00	4 47
1.5	6.15	2.08	Lv..LEWISBURG..Ar		9.00	4 47
5.4	6.23	2.17	Biehl f		8.52	4.39
6.8	6.28	2.22	Vicksburg f		8.47	4.35
10.7	6.37	2.31	MIFFLINBURG		8.38	4 27
13.1	6.42	2.36	Barber f		8.33	4 22
15.2	6.47	3.41	Swengle f		8.27	4 17
16.1	7.50	3.44	Millmont		8.25	4.15
18.6	7.58	3.51	GLEN IRON		8.17	4 07
23.5	7.07	3.00	Pardee f		8.08	3.59
28.9	7.18	3.11	Cherry Run f		7.57	3.48
32.2	7.27	3.20	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.48	3.40
33.9	7.31	3.25	Ingleby f		7.45	3.37
36.6	7.38	4.39	Coburn		7.38	3.30
39.6	7.45	4.37	Zerby f		7.30	3.23
43.4	7.55	4.47	Rising Springs		7.21	3.14
45.2	8.02	4.53	Penn's Cave f		7.14	3.07
49.2	8.09	4.01	CENTRE HALL		7.06	3.01
51.6	8.16	4.07	Gregg f		7.00	2.54
54.6	8.23	4.13	Linden Hall		6.52	2.47
56.7	8.28	4.18	OAK HALL		6.47	2.42
58.3	8.32	4.22	LEMONT		6.43	2.37
60.2	8.37	4.27	Dale Summit f		6.38	2.33
63.9	8.47	4.37	Pleasant Gap f		6.28	2.23
65.2	8.50	4.40	Axeman f		6.25	2.20
67.4	8.55	4.45	BELLEFONTE		6.23	2.15

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD						WESTWARD					
12	10	8	1	2			1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar— Lv		am	am	pm	pm	pm
6 35		3 50	9 05		Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40	
6 28		3 44	8 59		Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45	
6 25		3 41	8 56		Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48	
6 22		3 38	8 52		Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51	
6 19		3 35	8 49		Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54	
6 17		3 33	8 47		Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56	
6 14		3 31	8 44		Filmore	6 53		10 52		5 00	
6 11		3 28	8 40		Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03	
6 09		3 26	8 38		Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05	
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10	
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12	
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale		7 19		5 16		
	5 43		8 12		Mattern		7 24		5 20		
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown		7 29		5 23		
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank		7 35		5 30		
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumrine	7 21		11 13		5 24	
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27	
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30	

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

	WESTWARD		
ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily	11 20	p m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 33	a m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10	a m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02	p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00	p m
NIAGRA EX.	l'ves Phila week d'ys	8 50	p m
"	" Harrisburg "	12 10	p m
"	arrives at Wmsport "	3 00	p m
"	" Lock Haven "	4 10	p m
"	" Renovo "	5 15	p m
"	" Kane "	9 20	p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 15	p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days	11 40	a m
"	" Harrisburg "	3 45	p m
"	" Williamsport "	7 10	p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02	p m
"	" Renovo "	9 00	p m
NEWS EX.	l'ves Philadelphia daily	4 30	a m
"	" Harrisburg	8 10	a m
"	" Williamsport	11 20	a m
"	" arrives at Lock Haven	12 15	p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'vs Phila. week days	4 35	p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 55	p m
"	" arrive Williamsport.	10 40	p m
Rochester Exp.	leaves Phila. w'k d's	9 20	p m
"	" Harrisb'g	12 30	a m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	3 25	a m
Williamsp't	" leaves Phila. Sun. only	2 25	p m
"	" Harrisb'g	5 25	p m
"	" arrives Williamsp't	8 55	p m

	EASTWARD		
Sea Shore Express	l'vs L Haven w	7 15	a m
"	" Jersey Shore.	7 41	a m
"	" Wms'port	8 15	a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	11 30	a m
"	" Phila	3 00	a m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days	6 30	a m
"	" Renovo	10 20	a m
"	" Lock Haven	11 20	a m
"	" Williamsport	12 30	p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 30	p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50	p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily	3 25	p m
"	" Renovo	10 35	p m
"	" Lock Haven	11 25	p m
"	" Williamsport	12 25	p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg	3 22	p m
"	" Philadelphia	6 50	p m
EXP. NO. 6	leaves Erie	7 25	a m
"	" Kane	11 10	a m
"	" leaves Renovo	4 45	p m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	10 05	p m
"	" Philadelphia	4 25	a m
WMS'PORT EXP.	l'v's Wms'port	3 25	a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg	6 10	a m
"	" arrives at Philadelphia	10 20	a m
Philada. Accom.	leaves Williamsp't	4 00	p m
"	" Harrisburg	7 30	p m
"	" arrives Philada. at	10 55	p m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N.; at Emporium with R. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V. R. R.

LSON Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 6 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash EDWARD T. TUTEN.

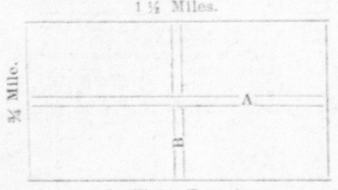
A PICTURE "IN THE SWEET BY AND BY" OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The sky is serene, with but a few fleecy clouds; while the atmosphere is perfumed with the odor of lucious fruit trees, stretching from one end to the other, of the beautiful Nittany Valley.

That graceful granite statue, which stands in the public square, that seems to command homage from every passer by, was placed there in honor of Edward Bellamy, the first man who taught the human race how to live in happiness and prosperity. Before his time they all lived as a few masters, and many slaves, and neither party ever knew what real happiness was.

"That crowd yonder"?—Why they are looking at a coin of the nineteenth century; they say that, that dollar, had more power than any king ever had, and was a greater tyrant too, for it ruled the Legislators, the courts of justice. the churches, the press and in fact it ruled everything. Men would sell their honor and their reputation for the dollar, and women would sell their honor, and their virtue, for the dollar; people would lie, steal, cheat and perjure themselves, to get the dollar. Men would rob trains, banks and commit foul murder, to obtain that dollar, up to the time that the Bellamy system abolished the use of the dollar, as a medium of trade. (*See looking backward by Edward Bellamy for details*)

Ah! "that enclosure?" Why it is where all the milk cows of Nittany Valley are kept; that fence encloses about six hundred and forty acres, at least it is abont a mile and a half long, by three quarters of a mile wide.



A—Water Trough.
B—Feeding Rack.

Through the middle, longways, is situated a trough, through which runs a cool stream of pure healthy sparkling water, just high enough that the cattle cannot befoul it. Across the enclosure the narrow way, is placed a feeding rack, where pure healthful food is placed to feed the cattle. There are now about fifteen hundred cows in one end, where they are kept until that end needs cleaning; then they are transferred to the other end of the enclosure, which has been cleaned and put in good order to receive them. You see, the grounds are well provided with shade trees, to furnish comforts for the cows in summer, and those long sheds on the north side of the enclosure, with the openings facing the south is where the cows are sheltered, and fed during the cold term of winter.—and also where the milking pens are situated.—"That building at the east end?" Why that is the milk house—that is where the milk is transported from, to all parts of the valley, and where the butter is churned daily, and also transported. There is not a pound of butter nor a quart of milk used in the valley, but what comes from this plant. There is not an unhealthy cow in that enclosure, because there are skilled physicians whose duty it is to make an examination daily, and also to examine and direct their food. It is said, that in the nineteenth century they employed no doctors for their cows, and allowed the milk and butter to transmit any amount of sickness and disease, to the human race, at which doctors would wink, for they could see the dollars in it.

At this time of year, blue grass is cut, and fed to the cattle, in a perfectly fresh condition; this grass is grown especially for the cattle, and therefore, there is no unhealthful or noxious weeds fed to them.

It is said, (but not generally believed,) that in the nineteenth century, they actually pastured their cows in the streets of Bellefonte, where they could drink the poisoned water from the gutters.

Oh yes, the butter and milk is of course very fine.

"No fences?"—Why of course not; what would be the need of wasting so much valuable land, and so much capital to build fences, when they would only be in the way? When the ground is right for plowing, a perfect army of steam plows, each throwing seven furrows, dash into it, and in a few hours the ground of the whole valley is turned upside down, or as much as is needed at the time, and by other steam machinery, is soon made ready for planting.

"Why so large a vegetable garden?"

Why, because on that plot of ground, the vegetables are grown to supply all the wants of the whole valley. "Get it to them?" That is an easy matter; the Government's main railroad runs from one end of the valley to the other, then it is bisected at short intervals, with electric roads which make it an easy matter to reach any part of the valley in a very short time.

That long flume, running paralell with the grounds on the upper side, is for the purpose of irrigating the whole patch, or any part thereof, at will, just as it is needed. "In one place?"—Because it is judicious economy for the government to raise all their vegetables, so that the cost of irrigation serves to furnish these commodities to the whole valley with one water supply.

"Failures?"—No there are no failures when you can water the crop when it needs it. Of course the ground is fertilized on scientific principals, made sandy or otherwise as the case requires.

Why of course the farmer is "intelligent"—I should smile, his chances for education, are equal with all others, and he "gets there" too.

"Why so many people are idle?" No, of course it is no holiday; they are simply done with their days work. Improved, labor-saving machinery have been brought to such perfection under the Bellamy system, that there is scarcely three hours work a day for any of us, hardly enough for healthful exercise. "Tramp?" I don't know what they are, never heard of such a thing.

Yes, we have plenty of the very best food to eat and drink, and all the comforts we can ask for in dress and living. Our children are educated and provided for by the government. "Health?" Why we are rarely ever sick. The doctor has no dollars to look after, and therefore it is to his interest to keep every one as healthy as possible, so that it will lessen his hours of labor, consequently they place simple little books, written in English, divested of all latin phrases which point out what to do in every ailment, and also the rules of keeping good health.

"Lazy?" Why there are no lazy persons; our system of education has done away with the habit. You will find every one trying to do his part to sustain a good government, they don't want to kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

Our people are taught in school how the monopolies of the Nineteenth Century accumulated wealth, how, by opperating on a large scale, they could economize labor, and material, and thereby hoard up the dollars, and that, at the disadvantage and loss, of all their competitors. Now, there is but one syndicate in America, and that one, you are a full member of yourself, and have an equal interest with all others. It is a vast monopoly, so great, that no other syndicate can survive in its domains; all of its members are highly educated, and are not lazy, they are all taught to cheerfully do their part, to sustain their much beloved syndicate (the government). They look upon their vast grain field, stretching unbroken, from one end to the other, of their great Nittnay valley, with keen pride. When the farmer of this Twentieth Century sits in his home thoroughly warmed by public heat, and lighted by electric light, (all of which comes from the station of this district), and enjoys all other comforts that city life can afford. And when he reads of the ills that the people of the Nineteenth Century suffered, and all through their stupenduous ignorance, he naturally feels grateful to the circumstances that cast his lot in the Twentieth Century. "Churches?" Why of course there are, and conducted on sound philosophical principles too. Since the "tithes" were abollished, along with the dollar, religion does not smell so strongly of brimstone; and not near so many hypocrits are to be found in churches, but a great deal more charity. "Intemperance;"? To see a man drunk in these days, would be as rare as to see one commit Suicide and would be considered as great a Crime. "How did it come about?When the dollar dropped out of the whisky traffic, you could not find a single man, who felt himself low enough to engage in such a detestable traffic so the government controls entirely, the furnishing of all liquors, consequently it is carefully handled. We have heard, though, we did not believe it, that at one time, whiskey was sold indiscriminately in public places. "Harlotinism"? No indeed, there is nothing of the kind in these days, when the dollar becomes in disuse, this vice ceased also. Women do not have to sell their virtue now, to buy bread, or to dress gay for they do not have to be slaves to fashion or slaves to the opposite sex. They have their credit card they are members of the National syndicate. "Women vote?"—Yes, certainly, why not; ? Are they not citizens? are they not human beings? do you think that men would command their aid, their help, and be mean enough to debar them from a vote? Compell them to live up to laws that were made by men, and yet debar them from any voice in those laws? You must indeed think the men very mean.

HUMANITY.

WHEN YOU NEED

CLOTHING

COME TO SEE US.

We have the Largest Stock that can be found in this part of the State.

We have Boys' Suits from $1.25 up to the finest.

We have Men's Suits from 3.00 up to the finest, to 15.00 and 20.00.

We have the biggest line of young men's stylish suits—brown cheviot, black cheviot, blue cheviot, at 8.00, 10.00 and 12.00.

We have all the new style Serge Suits, black, blue, brown, mixed, at 6.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 12.00 & 15.00.

We are sole agents for the Douglas Shoes, for boys and men, every pair warranted. Boys 1.75, 2.00, 2.50; Mens 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00 and 5.00. If they do not give you satisfaction, get another pair.

We have tan and russet shoes for boys and girls, men and women.

We have the greatest line of Dry Goods and Dress Goods—ginghams, sateens, serges, tricots, &c.

Ladies Blazers from 2.00 up.

LADIES COATS AND WRAPS, 50 different styles, with or without capes, 2.00, 2,50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00.

SEND FOR SAMPLES OF DRESS GOODS.

LYON & CO

"A NATIONAL DISGRACE."

REV. DR. STEWART WARMS UP ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Recently at the Market Square Presbyterian church, Harrisburg, Rev. Dr. George B. Stewart, the pastor preached a forceful sermon on "A National Disgrace—Our Chinese Legislation," taking for his text Leviticus 19-33-44: "And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not do him wrong. The stranger that sojourneth with you shall be unto you as the homeborn among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself; for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God."

"In this nineteenth century of the Christian era in this land boasting of its freedom and progress," said Dr. Stewart, "we must go to the civil code of a nation living 1,500 years before our era began, and just liberated from slavery for an ideal law of national justice and hospitality toward strangers.

"If one is to judge from some of the laws which have disgraced our statute books our vaunted progress is in the wrong direction. The ancient Hebrew was taught better manners than we practice. Not only are our manners insufferably bad, but our justice intolerably low.

"It would seem as if there could be no disputing the first sentence of this primitive code which I have chosen for our text. And yet this Christian nation is willing to work the grossest injustice toward sojourners among us. If 3.500 years ago men were taught they ought to love the stranger in their land as they did themselves, it would seem by this time they would have learned the lesson. But they have not. At least we have not. It seems safe to assert that those who themselves were not so very long ago strangers and foreigners would be the most kind hospitable to its strangers. But it is so, at least in the United States, were inoffensive and industrious persons are in danger of being arrested and imprisoned at hard labor for a period of not exceeding one year,' because they are guilty of the heinous offense of being foreigners. Above all one might with certainty predict that a church rejoicing in a universal gospel of glad tidings for all men and sending the missionaries to heathen lands would lift up its voice in trumpet tones that would make to tremble those law makers who fear not God nor regard men when they enact laws that ignore the foundation fact of our religion—the fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. There is a deep undertone of warning and solemn imprecation in the sentence 'I am the Lord your God,' at the close of the code enjoining love and hospitality to strangers. No Christian can disregard it. It gathers up in it all the penalties which omnipotence can inflict at the command of outraged divine justice.

"Listen to this story ye freemen of America. Your cheeks will burn with shame and your hearts beat with indignation before I finish, else I do not know you."

"In 1882 the Government of the United States being of the opinion that the coming of Chinese laborers to this country endangered the good order of certain localities within its territory enacted a law designed to suspend such immigration for a period of ten years.

"In 1888 a new statute was enacted forbiding the issuance of certificates to departing Chinamen, so that any Chinamen leaving this country after the passage of act would not be permitted to return.

"On May, 1892, President Harrison approved the Geary law, as it is called, and any named weighted with such a stone about its neck at this unrighteous law, ought to sink to the deepest depths of infamy. By it all laws in force regulating or prohibiting the coming into this country in Chinese persons or persons of Chinese descent are continued in force for ten years more. By it all Chinese persons or persons of Chinese descent are required to take out a certificate of residence before May 5, 1893. If they fail to take out such a certificate they are to be removed from the United States to China, or else be imprisoned at hard labor for one year and then be deported. In order to get this certificate of residence a Chinaman must be able to satisfy the official the same that he was a resident of this country at the time of the passage of this act May 5, 1893.

"How many citizens in Harrisburg could give such affidavit to any one our best known Chinamen have? How many of us are expert enough to distinguish one of these peculiar looking persons?

"We are calmly told that these certificates will protect the Chinamen who receive them from interference. When Chinamen from neighboring cities come to visit some of their friends in Harrisburg and they all sit up in the laundry to await an early train, the police. whose consuming zeal for closing up gambling dens is known to all men, swoop down upon them for an alleged violation of the gambling law. Then the certificate will shield them from the exaction of several hundred dollars and further persecution. Undoubted by these certificates will be a great protection to them.

"Our political friends assure us that it is best for this country to be rid of these heathen for they will not adopt our religion. This anxiety to protect our religious institutions is really pathetic; but it suggests the inquiry, that if those who accept our religion ought to reside here how many of these new-found defenders of the faith would be left to fight its battles? I would venture to suggest that it might be expedient for them to amend the law so as to allow other heathen, besides the almond eyed ones, to reside here upon registration only.

"These people for the most part are quiet, inoffensive, industrious, frugal people, adding largely to our wealth and consuming but little of it. They come with no design upon our religious, social or political institutions.

"This act is clearly in violation of our treaty engagements with China. Our treaty expressly engages that 'Chinese residing in the United States shall enjoy the same privlieges, exemptions and immunities in respect of travel or residence as may be there enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of the "This act does not look in that direction. There is still hope that the courts will so decide. The law was to have gone into force on Friday, last, the President has suspended its operations until after the tenth of this month, on which day a test case is to be presented to the Supreme Court to determine the constitutionality of the law. The decision can hardly be doubtful.

In conclusion Dr. Stewart said: "Nevertheless our Nation is openly discredited before the world. High Chinese officials do not hesitate to charge us with utter disregard of treaty obligations when it suits our political ends. How long shall this be our disgrace?"

NO BETTER PROOF.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD AS THE BEST

MILROY, MIFFLIN CO., PENNA.

To the Editor of the New York World:

"Mrs. John Gemmill, of this place, was thrown from a wagon, sustaining a most serious injury to her spine, and was

A HELPLESS CRIPPLE FOR 19 YEARS,

unable to walk. Her daughter providentially procured two bottles of

ST. JACOBS OIL,

which Mrs. Gemmill used. Before the second bottle was exhausted, she was able to walk about, and has been

COMPLETELY CURED."

Very truly,

M. THOMPSON, POSTMASTER.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Mrs. J. N. Aughenbaugh
Of Etters, Pa.

Blood Poisoning

Intense Suffering 11 Years.

Hood's Healed the Sore in Seven Weeks—A Perfect Cure.

"I will recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as first-class. It has proved its merits to us. Twelve years ago my wife was picking raspberries when she scratched herself on a brier, the wound from which soon developed into a terrible sore, between her knee and ankle. Notwithstanding all we did for it, it continued discharging for eleven long years. We tried medical skill on every side, with no effect. About a year ago she read of Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it herself, and while taking the first bottle she felt better and continued with it

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

until today she is entirely well and better than ever. The sore was healed up in seven weeks. Her limb is perfectly sound. We attribute her cure entirely to Hood's Sarsaparilla." JACOB N. AUGHENBAUGH, Etters, York Co., Pa.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

THE DAVIS! ○○○○○ ○○○○○

THE DAVIS!

What is The Davis? The best Sewing Machine on earth.

It is the only vertical feed sewing machine ever made.

It sews through thick and thin, without any change of feed; which is the only feed, which will move one thickness or a dozen thicknesses of the same goods and sew the same without making any change.

It has all the attachments. It is light running. It is very durable and we guarantee it to be a long lived machine.

It is a beautiful piece of furniture and an ornament in any household.

Reader, if you want to make your wife happy, present her with a Davis Sewing Machine.

Young man, if you want to make a present to your sister or to some other young man's sister, a Davis Sewing Machine will make your attachment doubly strong and make you twice as happy.

We challenge any other sewing machines to meet the Davis in a contest, as to the real merits of each, and will be glad to make a public exhibition in practical and fancy sewing. If three or more machines will accept this challenge, we will furnish the room free of charge, including light and heat for that purpose.

We invite all persons interested in the best Sewing machines to call at our store and examine the Davis; when we will take great pleasure in exhibiting the machine and explaining its merits.

McCALMONT & CO.

47 tf

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

EDITED BY MRS M. P. TUTEN.

CENTRE COUNTY AND BELLEFONTE LOCAL OFFICERS.

President—Mrs John P. Harris.
Vice Pres.—Mrs. James Harris,
Secretary—Miss Eliza Thomas.
Treasurer—Mrs. D. D. Mitchell,

Regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. is held every Thursday at 4 o'clock P. M. in the W. C. T. U. rooms No. 20, Criders Exchange.

Gospel temperance meeting every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 at the same place.

A cordial invitation to attend these meetings is extended to all.

Sewing school every Saturday afternoon from 2 to 4; also held at room 20. To this school children are earnestly invited.

The exchange is open every Friday at 3 P. M. in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A in Criders Exchange. A good variety of bread pies, puddings, cake and candy always on hand. Orders for Sunday dinner deserts promptly filled.

THE SCOURGE OF RUM-SELLING.

The heinous character of the liquor traffic is too dark and dismal to admit of any toleration, much less to be justified by legal sanction.

The diabolism of rum-selling is best known by the wife of the drunkard. We may try and sympathize with the poor, wretched woman who sees her once loving husband, whose fond smile and manly form were the joy and gladness of her life, now a bloated, maudlin fool and raving maniac, coming, with oaths and curses, into what is left of a desolate home, recklessly using his hands, or whatever comes within his grasp, to wreak his vile passions on the poor woman and the helpless children who crouch beneath his blows.

This is a kind of wretchedness that can only be known or fully realized by actual experience. It is no uncommon thing that happens in some remote section of the country, to be told as a legend of crime or human infirmity, but it is an every day occurrence in a number of wretched households all over the land; and yet the diabolism, this awful misery, is brought about and fostered by open dens of perdition called saloons—of which there are thousands dealing out their poisonous liquids called beer, whiskey, brandy, etc., to gratify the perverted and depraved appetites of thousands of human beings. All this vile, poisonous stuff produces so much misery, crime, and pauperism, that when compared to the devastations of war, famine, and pestilence, the latter can be considered responsible for only a small proportion of the misery met in the world; and yet this awful amount of crime and wretchedness is sanctioned by law. Could it be supposed possible that people could be so demented, so utterly base and cowardly, so oblivious to all decency and common sense, as to tolerate such a vile, destructive traffic, and even sanction it?

Could we be transported to some distant point and hear of such base and dastardly wickedness, or learn of all the terrible evils that have been tolerated, we could not do otherwise than conclude that this was the most faithful representation of Hades, that a notorious recklessness had taken possession of the minds of the people, and that nothing short of a miracle from Heaven could save them from entire disintegration and annihilation.

Yet while we have only a faint glimpse of the horrors and degradation that are prevalent in all sections of the country, this serpent of intempeaance is reaching out to every household with its poisonous fangs. The whole people, and, to some extent, the Christian Church, are largely involved, and in complicity with this vicious business of rum-selling. Each one in the community is personally responsible for this horrible debauchery when he does not insist on the annihilation of this poison of alcohol as a beverrge.

The moans and tears of widows and orphans, the crime, pauperism, and wretchedness that have flowed from this awful curse, are sending up a wail of woe that calls to heaven for vengeance; and we shall yet hear a chorus of heroic workers rejoicing over a final deliverance from this monster vice that has threatened to engulf our nation in a vortex of destruction. It will be hurled into oblivion by an exasperated, determined public, with condemnation so effective that no vestige of its hideous proportions will be tolerated by an enlightened and regenerated people.

But why not have this grand consummation now? Why should we allow this terrible curse to blast and blight our homes a single day? Our intelligence, our conscience, our religion, and our civilization demand relief; and relief must soon come.

THE DUTY OF SOCIETY PLAIN

That society has ever claimed control over the traffic in intoxicating drinks is shown by measures regulating, protecting, and licensing it, and deriving a revenue from it. This traffic destroys property, increases public burdens, multiplies almshouses, hospitals, and prisons. It lessens public morality, increases crime, and brings shame, sorrow, and want to the innocent. It has never been claimed that it has benefitted any community, or ever in any way increased its pecuniary resources or added to its intellectual, moral, or spiritual advantages.

It would seem that the duty of society is plain. It may punish the drunkard so far as his conduct and influence render him a public enemy, but it must do more than this; it must remove the cause of the evil. It forbids kinds of business injurious to the public comfort and health. It prohibits their business and punishes the keepers of houses of infamy, venders of bad books or lottery tickets, and prohibits other kinds of business that injure public morals and corrupt the young. It controls the use of private property. It takes what is necessary for the public good, irrespective of the wishes of the owner, and directs the control of what it recognizes as belonging to the citizen, so that the public comfort and safety may not be injured. It demands improvement and imposes taxes with reference to the public convenience or benefit. There is no reason for supposing the traffic in intoxicating drinks is an exception, and exempted from the control of society.

What laws, then, does the good of society demand? If intemperance is an evil that should be suppressed, the traffic in intoxicating drinks, which causes this evil and brings no benefit to society, should be suppressed. No Christain principle can justify an attempt to regulate and license what is essentially wrong. Prohibitory legislation is the only consistent course to be adopted. The allegation, even should it be well founded, as we are assured it is not, that such legislation cannot be successful, will not justify a recognition of a sinful traffic and its protection by law.

LIQUOR MEN AS MORALISTS.

As to their right to assemble in defense of their trade, there can be no question. That trade has been recognized by the great majority of American people as lawful. It is supported by the people who recognize its legitimacy. Capital has been invested in the traffic on the strength of its legality. Vested rights have grown up under the National permission. All these considerations re-inforce the liquor men's right to take such defensive steps as they are now taking.

But at this point a line must be drawn. The legality of the liquor-traffic is one thing; its morality is quite another thing. When these dealers get up and declare that they favor temperance and condemn intemperance, they are talking nonsense, and palpable, egregrious nonsense, at that. So they are when they declare themselves "in favor of public and private morality." The liquor traffic and public and private morals are mutually incompatable and repellent. No liquor-dealer can be in favor of temperance. If a baker were to declare that he desired his customers to consume less bread, we should know what to think of his candor; when a liquor-dealer says he would like to sell less liquor, we know what to think of his sincerity.

Liquor selling is, in all but five States of the Union, as lawful as any other business. But it is not, and never could be, as innocent or as moral. It is not even a neutral kind of business. It is actively demoralizing, and mischievous to public and private morals. Now, while the liquor-dealers are entirely justified (in the "wet" States at least) in organizing for their own protection, they can never be justified in claiming for their business the public consideration which attaches to occupations that are benificent in their character. Dram-drinking is an evil when carried to excess, and it is never a good even when most moderately indulged. At the best it is a superfluity, and at the worst it is a curse.

Nobody expects moral sentiments from liquor-dealers. Such sentiments are altogether out of place in their mouths. They are entitled to justice. The public that upholds the saloon cannot shuffle out of its responsibility by pretending that the saloon-keepers and the brewess and distillers are malignant wretches who have conspired to corrupt everybody. The Nation is accountable for the drink evil, assuredly; but, for all that, the liquor-dealers are the last people on earth who ought to meddle with ethical questions, and this because the very fact of their being liquor-dealers proves them to be indifferent to all considerations of the kind. If they could realize the absurdity of their attitude when they avow themselves the friends of temperance and morality, they would drop such *opera-bouffe* business, and confine themselves to practical propositions.

MUST OUTLAW THE SALOON.

The manufacture and sale of this murderous poison of alcohol as a beverage must be made an odious crime, and subject to severe penalties. Only in this way can the saloon be ostracized as a dangerous public nuisance, and successfully banished beyond the pale of civilization.

Dresses for Little Girls and Young Ladies.

Not what we say, but what the people say is what sells DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. Be sure it is made in Belfast, Maine.

A. H. DOANE.

CURED! CURED!! CURED!!!

"Enlargmeent of Liver and Spleen with Kidney Trouble."

LEADING PHYSICIANS IN CHICAGO, DETROIT AND BOSTON

Tried, Tried and Tried

But 5 Bottles of Dana's BEAT THEM ALL!

READER, IF YOU HAVE ANY DOUBTS ABOUT THE TRUTH OF THE FOLLOWING, INVESTIGATE FOR YOURSELF. OUR TESTIMONIALS ARE ALWAYS TRUE. PARDON US FOR SAYING, "DANA'S IS THE KIND THAT CURES.

HAMPDEN, ME.,

Gentlemen:—I have received so much benefit from the use of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA that **I feel it my duty** to write you regarding my case. For years I have been troubled with **Enlargement** of the **Liver and Spleen,** also had **Kidney Trouble.** I was so bad that **for two years I was unable to work. For weeks was unable to get from the bed to a chair without help.** I have doctored in **Chicago, Detroit** and **Boston** without receiving any benefit. In Detroit I doctored with eight different Doctors, **spent hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit.** I came to the State of Maine and, by the advice of Mr. Baker, tried a bottle of your SARSAPARILLA, and **I received so much benefit that I took four more, and to-day I am a well man.**

You are at liberty to publish this, and I will stand behind it.

Respectfully yours,
A. H. DOANE.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast Maine.

THE WALTER L. MAIN ONE THE BIGGEST AND BEST SEEN IN HASTINGS.

Walter L. Main's circus and menagerie which exhibited in Hastings last Saturday was one of the best shows that ever pitched its tents in this city. It came into the city early in the morning and was unloaded from 30 new sixty-foot cars, its own special train; and the parade given at 10 a. m. was one of the finest ever seen in Hastings. There were hundreds of the finest horses ever seen here, many of them being veritable equine beauties and the verdict of the thousands who attended the afternoon and evening performances was that the show was all it advertised, the performers clever, and the performance clean and of high quality.

The menagerie itself was worth the price of admission, the animals all being splendid specimens of their kind, and in the best condition ever seen in a menagerie here. The genuine Roman hippodrome races with their various other exciting races, including the two-horse chariot race described by Gen. Lew Wallace in "Ben Hur" worked the audience into great excitement and enthusiasm. The male and female riders were the finest ever seen here.

Among the other pleasing features of this great double ring show was the absence of horn fakirs three-card and shell men and the general retinue of skin men and deadbeats who usually accompany a circus for the purpose of robbing its patrons.

Mr. Main will not tolerate anything of the kind. He has a big show, his agents and managers are without exception courteous and obliging, and the show left behind it here a reputation that will pack the immense tents to the fullest capacity should Hastings be favored with its appearance again in the future.—Daily Nebraskan. Will exhibit in Bellefonte on Saturday next May 27th.

A LITERARY SENSATION.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" has certainly "brokeloose"! The copyright on this most famous of American novels, by Mrs. Stowe, has recently expired, which frees its publication from the monopoly of the high priced publishers, and though in anticipation of this fact they have within a few months greatly reduced its price, now that it is really "unchained" the consequences are something surprising. John B. Alden, Publisher, of New York, issues editions, selling them only *direct* (not through agents or book sellers); one in good type, paper covers, for 5 cents, sent post-paid, or the same bound in cloth for 10 cents with postage 7 cents extra; also an excellent large-type edition, on fine paper, handsomely bound in cloth for the price of 25 cents, postage 10 cents. Surely a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will soon be found in every home where it is not already. Mr. Alden sends a 32-page pamphlet describing many of his publications free, or a catalogue of 128 pages of choice books, a vertiable "literary gold mine" for book-lovers, for 2 cents. Address JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 57 Rose St., New York.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., May 23, 1893

Mrs. Tamen Allen: L. P. Bagnareli: J. S. Drake: Amos A. Elliot: Lew Kennedy: Mrs. A. Kimlin: F. P. Kennedy: L. S. Meyers: William Mute: Mrs. Sarah E. Shuey: Miss Mamidell Shope: Miss Ella W. William White.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER. P. M.

FOR CIGARETTE SMOKERS.

It is related that a young cigarette smoker, having heard that the manufacturer offered a prize for the return of the empty boxes in sufficient quantities, saved up a thousand and sent them back to the firm of cigarette makers. The boy's bright anticipations of a fine present were dashed to the ground when he received the following response from the firm: "Send us another thousand and will send you a coffin."

—The Legislature will adjourn on June 1, thus making it the longest session since 1885. In the latter year the session began January 5 and lasted until June 12. In 1883 the session lasted from January 2 to June 6. On June 7 of the same year the extra session called by Governor Pattison began, and lasted until December 6. From 1843 to 1879 no session lasted until June, but there was an extra session in 1857 which began October 6 and lasted one week.

—Everybody wants to take a holiday on Saturday and go to Main's Big Show. All the farmers within ten and twenty miles of Bellefonte can come to town and take in the show because it is Saturday. The show is a good one and clean cut throughout. There are no sharpers connected with Main's aggregation so there will be no occasion to wear padlocks on your pockets. Let everybody come and bring along all their children to see the elephant.

WANTED:—Corresponding agent in every town, to report on parties intending opening or refitting Saloons, by the largest Saloon Manufacturers in the world. Good man can make $5,000.

Rothschild's Sons Co.
739 Broadway, New York.

Gustave Mayer, of Johnstown, hauled a dozen calves from the railroad station to his place of business in a wagon, the calves having their legs tied. Suit was brought against him for cruelty to animals and he was fined $13.75

—It is said that Meyer's Orchestra will soon begin again their evening concerts in the Court house yard.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

Look out for a well dressed, smooth talking young man who is traveling about the western part of the state, claiming to represent a New York house which has no existence, and showing a lot of high-class samples, for which he offers to make up a suit for $12. When the order is given he demands a deposit of $3 as a guarantee of good faith. This he deposits in his pocket for his individual use then disappears and the clothing never comes.

This is an old game and has been played in Bellefonte several times. We trust that all readers of the REPUBLICAN will be too sharp to be taken in by such a shabby trick, for the samples shown are always worth three times as much as the swindler asks for them; this fact ought to "give him away" with prudent men of reason. A safe rule always to follow is to be suspicious of a man, whether a stranger or not, who offers you more for a dollar than a dollar's worth. Remember, men are not traveling over the country selling goods for half their market value.

It's funny how some men acquire a reputation for laziness while others get credit for being fond of fishing.

DO YOU WANT GOOD

GROCERIES?

AND WANT THEM CHEAP?

If you do, the place to get them is where you can get the Freshest and the Best Goods for the Least Money. The EUREKA, High Street, next door to the postoffice, gets a CAR LOAD of Groceries once a week. Hence they always have them fresh. They sell them for CASH and always the CHEAPEST.

Just try them once, they are sure to please you.

M. P. TUTEN, Proprietor.

Remember the place. Saturday will be their BIG DAY, don't miss it.

1,000 MEN & HORSES EMPLOYED.

BELLEFONTE, SATURDAY, MAY 27

CLASS WORKS MEADOW

WALTER L. MAIN'S

GRANDEST AND BEST R. R. SHOW ON EARTH.

3 Big Circuses, 3 Big Rings,
5 CONTINENT MENAGERIES,
REAL ROMAN HIPPODROME,
2 Stages, Wild Moorish Caravan,
110 Circus Acts by 110 Star Artists.

20 Races by Thoroughbreds, 6 Tableaux Wagons, 1500 Rare and Costly Animals, Herd of Elephants, Drove of Camels, 6 Bands, Fife and Drum Corps, Troupe Jubilees Steam Organ, Steam Calliope.

PONY WITH 15 FOOT TAIL.

20 PONIES. 20 Thoroughbreds. 300 HORSES.

Fat Man and Bride, Weight 1372 Pounds.

Arabian Horse with 26 Different Colors. $10,000 Troupe of Rare Arabian Horses.

$300,000 Free Street Parade at 10 A. M.

Doors open at 1 and 7 p. m. Begins at 2 and 7 p. m, Adults 50 cents; Children under 12 years 25 cents.

Cheap Excursions on All Railroads.

ASK FOR AND TRY Manners DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and CURE for RHEUMATISM.

RHEUMATISM is one of the worst diseases which arises from Bad Blood. By using MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA you can rid yourself of this dread disease.

Manners Sarsaparilla Co., Binghamton, N. Y.:

GENTS: I was a constant sufferer from Rheumatism, often unable to leave my chair. In the winter of 1889 I paid over $65 for doctor bills. I tried your Double Extract Sarsaparilla, and it made a well man of me. I will ever be a staunch friend of Manners Double Extract Sarsaparilla. Yours truly,

ROSCOE P. JAMES, Allegheny, Pa.

50¢ PER BOTTLE.

THE WORLD OVER.

MFG. BY THE MANNERS SARSAPARILLA CO. BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all remedies fail. Ills. book and proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 653 Bdw., N. Y. 14-4t

WANTED.—Salesman; salary and expenses from start; steady work; good chance for advancement. BROWN BROS. CO., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphan's Court of Centre county.—In the matter of the estate of Henry Meyer, Sr., late of Harris township, deceased. The undersigned, an auditor appointed by said Court to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the administrator's account, restates said account in account in accordance with his finding and to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet for the purposes of his appointment, all parties in interest, at his office in Bellefonte, Pa., on Friday, the 9th day of June, 1893, at 9.30 a. m. Parties interested will please take notice and present their claims or they will be debarred from coming in on said fund,

20-3t JOHN KLINE, Auditor.

60,00 TIES WANTED.

Proposals will be received by The Central Railroad of Pennsylvania for furnishing 60,000 White Oak and Rock Oak Ties, to be delivered immediately along the line of its railroad from Bellefonte to Mill Hall, as now surveyed and located through Nittany Valley. All ties are to be 8½ feet in length, 7 inches in thickness, and No. 1's not less than 7 inches face and No. 2's not less tsan 6 inches in face. For further particulars apply to

J. W. Gephart,

Supt. of Construction,
May 8th, 1893. BELLEFONTE, PA.

MAY TIME FROCKS.

Pretty Hats That Have Figured in the Spring Festivities.

Tennis Dresses, Yatching Fashions and the Pleasant Preparations for the June Weddings—Four Little Bridesmaids and a Pretty Bride.

[COPYRIGHT, 1893.]

I might tell you about hats because I saw some pretty ones the other night at the Press club fair. What you can tell people about is conditioned so distressingly, you know, by what you have the fortune to see. Not that the hats were distressing. On the contrary, a capote of green reeds with golden tissue woven into the meshes was remarkably becoming to Mrs. Cockerill. It had gold tissue wings standing up straight above it and I believe there were yellow cowslips knotted against it somehow and somewhere.

Just in the gleam of the electric fountain stood a pretty girl in a bonnet that was made of nothing but two big purple and yellow iris flowers with a knot of black lace to rest in. She

A PRETTY GROUP.

was a dark girl and the bonnet ought to have made her sallow, but it didn't, somehow. Providence is curiously uneven in the distribution of its curses and blessings.

There was a young actress in a coarse blue straw hat that was about as effective as any within view. It had sky-blue ribbons passed over the top and brought down under the chin to tie in a bow. This sounds like a shepherdess get-up as I tell it to you, but it wasn't at all on the rustic or the pseudorustic Watteau order; it was just pretty, and that is enough without historic justification.

There was a black chip, too; I can't remember who wore it, and the hat ought to feel immensely flattered, for I notice faces a deal more than frocks or frills the most times. The black chip had pink roses peeping from under its brim. It had short ribbons, pink and cream, twisted about its crown, and cream lace standing up in a soft, fluffy, round frill.

A merry looking girl with violet eyes wore a flat, gray straw, with the white banners of dogwood blossoms flaunting over it. Her dress was a pale gray silk, with white silk bands. She had roses at her bosom and prettier ones blossomed on her cheeks. It's a wonderful thing when you run across in the city at this season a girl who looks as if she had red blood in her.

There was a tennis party up at Claremont this morning, and there was a girl in attendance who didn't look, when she stood in the sunshine, as if the winter dances and dinners had bleached her out like a potato sprout in a cellar. But Claremont is a hard place to take a girl to. The sweet, strong salt wind blows in over the Hudson, and the palisades loom gaunt and tall and the old pine trees rustle and whisper, and a woman's got to be a real woman, and not a make believe, not to be found out in such surroundings.

But to get back to our muttons. A gown which wasn't a tennis gown at all, but which sketched the shad fishermen in their boats on the river, was of pale, pinky gray silk with a draped zouave of lace outlined with butterflies made of iridescent sequins. Under the arms there passed a broad heliotrope ribbon that tied over the bosom in a bow. The sleeves were huge puffs tumbling down from the shoulder and back from the hand. You wouldn't think this a frock to sketch in and indeed it wasn't, but the sketch refrained from being particularly good and this evened things up a bit maybe.

A dress that did play tennis and with some vigor was of pale green cloth with a silver thread gleaming out at intervals. It had a full, straight plain skirt, with a silver silk blouse and a gray straw hat trimmed with green ribbons. If you'll think about this rig a bit you'll see that it was very effective against the grass and the sky and the young buds and the gray trunks of the trees.

Another costume, not so much to my liking but emphatically in fashion, was a brown and green checked wool made to stand out over a moderate crinoline. With it was worn a coat bodice, belted in the back, half loose in front and coming well below the hips with its ample skirts, almost, indeed, to the knees. A high velvet collar, tight velvet cuffs and a brown straw hat finished a suit that for all sorts and conditions of street going and park going and walking and driving and tennis jumping was most suitable. The hat turned back from the face all around and had roses under it against the hair and brown ribbons above it, with green leaves.

It's very funny to see women playing tennis in the deep flounced frocks that are now all but universal. You think your grandmother has gone crazy until you see the brown locks instead of silver. Fin de siecle frolics in the costumes of the twenties and the thirties and the fifties mix up the century and its decades most amazingly.

There was a woman, for instance, in a green foulard of that particular shade I remember in the colored plates of the

A SWEET GARDEN GOWN.

old Godey's that used to be heaped up in the attic when I was a little girl. It was dotted with dull red and made with a full gathered skirt, flounced to the knees. The woman who had dared this quaintness wore a Paris hat that was not quaint at all, but if she had one instant removed it I could have imagined her easily in the old parlor of the old pictures of Godey, seated at an old piano, with clusters of cherries in her hair behind her ears.

Pretty things are making for the June weddings. There'll be more of them, I imagine, than common, and any amount of first quarrels will be quarreled through to a happy ending at the world's fair. Niagara won't be in it with Chicago as a resort for brides. However, at a wedding which wasn't a June wedding at all, but which braved superstition by letting itself come off in May, a white satin gown that was worth description suffered itself to be put on view. It was a wonderfully heavy thing and yet soft, with a heavier train held by two pages dressed like boy Puritans. A fichu of lace was crossed about the shoulders, one end tucked in at the waist and one falling low. A draped sash of white satin was knotted below the arms, and from out of the veil peeped big blue eyes and a soft, round face and short, tendril-like yellow curls. There came in a gleam of sunlight at a church window, and when the beams danced about the little head you thought—you didn't think about the fine white satin gown.

Four little bridesmaids were almost as pretty as the white bride, with their white satin Quaker dresses and broad-hemmed, lace-edged pelerines. They had quaint little white bonnets turned back from their faces and tied under their chins, and they had six years each and—after the ceremony was over—several hundred times six kisses.

ELLEN OSBORN.

A NEW TENNIS DRESS.

LISTENING MADE HER RICH.

A Good Reason why Women Should Talk Less and Listen More.

New York Evening World.

A few years ago a widow and her daughter were occupying a section in a Pullman sleeper on the Missouri Pacific railroad. The section next to this lady happened to be occupied by a couple of the directors of that railroad.

The partition between the two sections was so thin that it was not difficult for a conversation carried on in one section to be heard in the other. The lady traveler heard the two directors discussing a plan of consolidation whereby the stock of the Missouri Pacific was bound to be greatly enhanced in value, says the Cincinnati Star.

It was then worth but 2 or 3 cents on the dollar. She was on her return trip to her home in Hartford, Conn. The conversation of the two directors preyed on her mind. She revolved it over and over again, until her home was reached, about which time a $5,000 note due her was redeemed.

She sent for her attorney, detailed to him the conversation she had heard and said she was almost resolved to invest the $5,000 in Missouri Pacific. The attorney mistaking her announced resolution for irony, laughed, but the woman of wealth persisted.

"It is but $5,000," she said, "and if I lose I shall have just as much to eat as I have always had and just as much to wear. If the plans betrayed by those two directors work out I shall make a good deal of money by buying Missouri Pacific.

The attorney observed the instructions of his client, invested the $5,000, and in less than a month the proposed consolidation was consummated and the Hartford widow realized for her investment $250,000.

At the first blush this incident is set down as a proof of luck, but there was no luck about it. It was simply an unexpected exhibition of what in Wall street vernacular is termed "nerve" on the part of quick-eared and quick-witted women.

No one person in ten thousand would have given any heed to the conversation referred to, and not one of a thousand who might have heard and who happened to have the money, as the widow had it, would have dared to invest it.

These incidents and illustrations might be expounded until volumes were filled. The evidence would be cumulative that eyes and ears and brain make what the thoughtless term luck.

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Racker—No, it went to an heirship.

PURE WHISKEY.

is extremely difficult to obtain. In this age of adulteration and imitation the only way to be guided in the purchase of any article where absolute purity is necessary is to buy from a house whose reputation for handling the best goods, at the least money has been firmly established. Such a house is that of Max Klein, of Allegheny, Pa. His Silver Age and Duquesne Rye Whiskies, at $1.50 and $1.25 respectively, are recognized as the leading Ryes on the market. For a $5.00 bill he will send you six quarts of any of the following six-year-old Penn'a Ryes; Guckehenimer, Gibson, Finch, Overholt and Bear Creek. Send for his catalogue and price list. Mailed free Address MAX KLEIN,

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She (pensively)—Only think of it! Fifty years from this day Jack and Miss Heavypurse will have their golden wedding.

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CAREFUL MARKETING.

Did this happen at Sourbecks.

Lady—Is this celery fresh?

Dealer—Yes'm.

"Real fresh?"

"Yes'm."

"Just in?"

"Yes'm."

"Is it crisp?"

"Yes'm."

"Are you sure its all right?"

"Yes'm."

"Where did you get it?"

"From a market garden, mum."

"Today?"

"Yes'm."

"This morning?"

"Yes'm."

"How much is it?"

"Ten cents a bunch."

"Isn't that rather high?"

"Not at this season."

"I've got it here lately for less."

"That was small and rather green."

"Can you send it up?"

"Yes'm."

"In time for dinner?"

"Oh, Yes'm"

Just break me off a piece and let me try it."

"Yes'm. Here is some."

"Humph! It isn't nice at all. Its withered."

"Well, mum, its a good while since you asked if it was fresh."

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Between this and the other side of the broad Atlantic, in the shape of tourists, commercial travelers and mariners, agents "on the road," steamboat captains, ship's surgeons and "all sorts and conditions" of travelers, emigrant and new settlers appreciate and testify to the preventative and remedial properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in sea sickness, nausea, malarial and rheumatic trouble, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Against the prejudicial influences of climate, crudely cooked or unaccustomed diet and impure water, it is a sovereign safeguard, and has been so regarded by the traveling public for over a third of a century. No form of malarial fever, from the calentura of the Pacific and the broken bone fever of the Mississippi, to its milder types, can resist the curative action of this bedignant preserver and restorer of health, a veritable boon to persons in feeble health or liable to incur disease.

Dobbles (complacently)—Well, I'm glad to say my wife's mother will not wear hoop skirts.

Hobbles—How do you know?

Dobbles—She's dead.

A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'gone' feeling in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal conclusion, there is no relief. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctoring a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvelous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even the slightest indication of its return. I now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 170 to 137. Four others have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recomendation, and it has been as satisfactory in their cases as in mine."—James Kane, La Rue, O.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is free from opiates or dangerous drugs.

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Dry Carpet Cleaning Co., Pittsburg, Pa. 20-5t

A SPECIAL SUMMER TERM of Ten Weeks will open in the Rochester Business University, MONDAY, JUNE 19

There will be NO VACATION this Summer, excepting one week, July 3 to 7. Thorough instruction in the commercial and practical English branches and shorthand and typewriting. Business men supplied with clerks and stenographers, and commercial schools with teachers without charge. Next school year will open Sept. 4. 20 4t

A QUEER PEOPLE.

Strange stories are told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Susa, in Africa.

Only four feet high, of a dark olive color savage and naked, they have neither houses nor temples, neither fire nor human food. They live only on ants, mice, and serpants, diversified by few roots and fruits. They let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for aunts, and the more easily to tear in pieces their favorite snakes.

The Dokos used to be invaluable as slaves, and they were taken in large numbers. The slave hunters used to hold up bright colored cloths, as they come to the moist, warm bamboo woods, where these human monkeys still live, and the poor Dokos could not resist the attractions offered by such superior people. They crowded round them, and were taken in thousands. In slavery they were docile, with few wants and excellent health.

These queer people have only one fault—a love for ants, mice, and serpents, and a habit of speaking to you with their heads on the ground and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they talk in this comical nature when they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food.

The Dokos seem to come nearest of all people yet discovered to that terrible cousin to humanity, the ape.

CHILDHOOD AND OLD AGE.

The Tender Grandchild and a Well-to-do Old Gentleman of 72, Acknowledge Obligations.

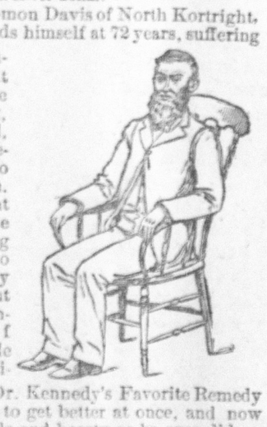
The preparation that can be taken with safety and benefit by the tender infant, and that nourishes, strengthens, and cures the aged and infirm, is one that can truly be called scientific. Such a preparation was discovered by Dr. David Kennedy and named Favorite Remedy. It is prescribed and recommended the world over, by the medical profession, as the best medicine produced for the cure of all diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood.

This beautiful child whose picture is

shown here, is the grandchild of Mr. J. E. Palmateer of Athens, N. Y., who had been cured of gravel in the kidneys and insomonia, (sleeplessnes) finishes his letter by saying:

"But this is not all Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has done for our family. My little grand daughter had eczema the worst way; she was a mass of running sores from her ears around the entire neck to her cheeks. My wife gave her Favorite Remedy in small doses, and what was the result? To-day the sores have all disappeared, the skin is smooth and clear, and she is fat and rugged and as bright as a silver dollar.

Mr. Solomon Davis of North Kortright, N. Y., finds himself at 72 years, suffering from neuralgia, felt tired all the time, weak, languid, poor appetite, and no ambition. Thought at his age nothing could do him any good, but like hundreds of other people in his condition tried Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and began to get better at once, and now feels as hale and hearty as he ever did.



It is particularly pleasing when sickness is as common as now, to know that there is a remedy that cures disease, builds up the weak and debilitated, strengthens the nerves, and has restored to health and strength, men and women who have been confined to their homes for months on beds of sickness.

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Commencement week, June 12—15, 1892. Fall term opens Sept. 14, 1892. Examination for admission, June 16 and Sept. 17. For catalogue or other information, address, GEO. W. ATHERTON, L. L. D., President. State College, Pa.

PATENTS

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THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

Something New and Novel in the Line of Headgear.

The Rolls and Swells of the Big Hat—The Pretty Things for Shoulders — Two Fresh Chicago Toilets—Something More About the Cape.

[COPYRIGHT, 1893.]

Small hats are trimmed after this fashion: A unique capote, falling over behind the ears, covered with black net, has gold and wire Greek ornaments that form a great wing across the front. Three fillets in gold run across the back, catching down the folds of net. At each ear a pear-shaped pendant of jet falls. From the bow which ties under the chin falls another pear of jet.

A soft flat of true straw-color is coquettishly turned and plaited in front, so that it forms an Alsatian bow; the bow is caught there by a twist of purple velvet. Purple aigrettes, and flowers of a paler shade and of yellow, stand up at the side and back of the bow of straw.

ALL STYLES OF HATS.

A small one all made of fine Parma violets, edged by a border of guipure in white, has a black velvet chou in front, with an aigrette added, and two choux at the back, falling over the twist of hair that must stand out beneath. Little hats have also many quills and wings standing pertly forward, often right over the forehead.

Big hats are all curves and twists and rolls. Almost everything rolls away from the face, leaving in its stead a bow, a bunch of flowers, a chou, or a buckle. A very pale yellow straw has a wide brim that is elongated in the front, to allow it full sweep in which to curve back over the two black plumes that lie on each side. The buckle of gold, set with brilliants, holds the roll tightly. Back of the roll are two more tips, one curving gracefully away from the other, and further alienated by black aigrettes that stand between. It is wonderful what changes the plume has undergone. The slightest modification of the fashionable curve makes a plume practically worthless. You are forced to discard it, if you will be strictly comme il faut. The prince of Wales is no longer the favorite. Its curve is too sudden; our latest fancy sweeps outward more gradually and is very full at the tip.

A big three-cornered beauty is made of black tulle that is dotted, all over, with tiny knobs of cream straw. A big velvet rose rests where the hat stands off from the brow and from the rose project two knife-plumes of rose velvet. Three black plumes lift their heads behind the upturned brim.

The early garden parties will usher in many new fancies in lace—fancies which now lie, fresh and spotless, waiting to be donned by some fair maiden. The blonde maiden has made hers all of pale blue chiffon and white lace. The white lace yoke, made of sheer Fedora, has a pointed effect given to it by three Vs of ribbon that are caught down over it. From the yoke fall two double ruffles of the pale blue.

A violet crepe fichu, knotting loosely in front, is edged with a deep flounce of lace, which falls far down the front—looking very quaint and old-fashioned. The chiffon collarettes are very soft and charming, gathered on high standing collars of the same sheer, gauzy material.

The guipure cape is very much of a favorite also. The latest capes are now all single, with effective headings, all bright silk linings. Even the lace capes follow this rule, and have but one full flounce.

Chicago's first day did not see many magnificent toilets, for the rain clouds and muddy walks forbade. Two venturesome damsels, however, careless of the consequences, were clad in fresh spring costumes, which the sun peeped forth for a little while to look upon. Then he ruthlessly retired and sent a terrible downpour of raindrops to forever destroy their brightness.

TWO OF CHICAGO'S TOILETS.

One of them was made of pale green crepon, finely plaited from top to bottom. The skirt was banded with shell rufflings of black lace, put on in pairs, each pair placed a considerable distance from another. The waist was plaited like the skirt, and simply banded by wide black velvet ribbon. A fancy bit of passementerie ran under the belt at the back, pointing up the back as well as down, over the skirt. Three plaited ruffles formed sleeves, and a small black boa encircled the throat.

The second gown was made of wood color crepon and of changing, diagonal silk, in shades of wood and heliotrope. The crepon shirt was plain save for the wide galloon at its edge. The short jacket of the bodice, made of the bright silk, did not reach to the waist line, and therefore did not hide the wide belt of white faille. The jacket turned back in large revers, fastened with buttons It turned back from a double lace bib, that fitted closely around the girl's neck, and came up right under her pretty chin. Her hat added to the piquant effect, for it was perfectly flat, broad brimmed and had long black wings stretching each side of a white chiffon chou.

Some of the jacket fronts are extremely small. Many of those on the new gowns come scarcely to the bodice. Some of them have an odd effect given them by an upward curve, across the bottom. The jacket front has come to stay. It recommends itself. Over a full front, there is nothing prettier than the short jaunty coat effect. It suits slim and full figure alike, another reason for its great popularity.

EVA A. SCHUBERT.

THE DOCTOR'S DIPLOMA.

It Should Sometimes Be Signed by Poole and McAllister.

Howard Fielding Selects a Physician for Maude on the Strength of His Professional Reputation, and Makes the Greatest Mistake of His Life.

[COPYRIGHT, 1893.]

I knew by the way Maude looked at the doctor that she was in doubt whether she would rather be cured by him or given up by a more presentable person. I had thoughtlessly selected him with reference to his standing in the profession. He was a very thin, tall, high-shouldered man, dressed in a manner which might have been satisfactory to himself and Anthony Comstock, but not, I think, to any lover of the beautiful.

Maude, on the other hand, was a poem. Reclining in a great easy chair, she was dressed in something of which I do not know the name, but we will call it an infernal extravagance for want of the exact millinery term. She herself called it an old thing which was absolutely all she had that would do. As to what she expected it to do, I have only a dim notion. If she expected it to make an impression on Dr. Rudolph Brinckerhoff, she did not know him.

MAUDE WAS A POEM.

Dr. Brinckerhoff has an expression of countenance which is the result of near-sightedness combined with a habit of rubbing his nose hastily over the pages of medical works written by other eminent authorities all of whom he scorns and despises. He turned this mask of inexpressible disapproval toward Maude, and said: "Well, what seems to be the matter with you?"

"My throat is very bad," said Maude. "I've had diphtheria three times."

"Humph," grunted the doctor, "I guess you mean tonsilitis."

There was where he waked Maude up. On that question she would have delayed Azrael himself to listen. She told Dr. Brinckerhoff, with a woman's natural pride, that her diphtheria, on each and every occasion, had been the worst that had ever been known. She had started three epidemics of diphtheria, and persons who had failed to take it after her had seriously jeopardized their social positions.

"Well," said the doctor, "let's have a look at your throat. Light up a couple more of those gasjets."

"Now stand up," said the doctor to Maude. I pitied her. She had not expected to stand up. She had prepared a lovely, light blue thing on the back of the chair, to put her head on during the examination. With her mouth open just a little the baby blue would be very becoming.

But that was not the way Dr. Brinckerhoff laid out the scene. When he got Maude on her feet, he put his long and bony hand on her hair; and she hasn't been able to make it lie right since. Then he pried Maud's mouth open till I thought he intended to get into it.

"Nothing but an inflamed tonsil," said he. "Looks pretty big. Swelling may not go down. If it doesn't, come round to my office and I'll hack it out."

He wrote a prescription and took up his hat. Maude was weeping at the thought of the terrible surgical operation. The doctor's heart was touched.

"It won't hurt you very much," said he; "and it won't hurt me at all. So don't cry. Good night."

I followed him out, and got the prescription filled. When I returned

THEN HE PRIED MAUD'S MOUTH OPEN.

Maude was not looking ill, but very dangerous.

"Howard," said she. "What do you mean by bringing that animal into our parlor?"

"My dear," I ventured mildly, "he is one of the most distinguished—"

"Nonsense. He doesn't know one single thing. He didn't even feel my pulse."

And she displayed a hand and wrist of which she is justly proud.

"Perhaps it was not necessary," I suggested.

"Fiddlesticks! He didn't care. He didn't pay the slightest attention to my case. He didn't even look at my tongue. He just stuck his hand into my hair and twisted my head around like the top of a revolving piano stool."

"Well, what did you expect him to do?"

"He ought to have asked me questions," said Maude. "If the creature has no human interest in anybody, why does he pretend to be a doctor? I wouldn't pay him one cent."

"But he seemed to understand your case pretty well," said I, soothingly.

"Understand my case? A man who hasn't found out yet that civilized gentlemen wear cuffs! How can he understand anything? He never looked at me."

Therein lay Dr. Brinckerhoff's offense, and I did not think it was safe to attempt to excuse him. In order to effect a diversion I removed the wrapper from the bottle of medicine.

"What horrid looking stuff," cried Maude. "Ugh! It's green! It looks like the reservoir in Central park. I won't touch it. Don't bring it near me while I have this dress on. The colors would simply kill each other. You ought to see the medicine that Dr. Merwyn Jones prescribes for Mrs. Williams. Why didn't I tell you to call him? That shows how sick I was. He brings her the loveliest things in little bits of bottles. I have seen seven of them standing on her table, and the colors blended in a way that was simply perfect. And he seems to know by instinct exactly what she's going to wear when he brings a new medicine. It always matches her dress."

"Is she or her dress or whatever it is that's sick getting well very fast?" I asked.

"Mercy, no," Maude exclaimed. "She's been an invalid for seven years; and he's been just as nice as he could be all that time. He tries real hard to find out what's the matter with her. The other day I was there when he called, and he pounded her on the back for over half an hour. He did it so gently that it didn't hurt her a bit. Then he listened to find out whether the pounding had knocked anything over. He didn't seem to be sure whether it had or not, so he pounded some more. You know that's what the doctor did when he was trying to find out whether the insurance company could make anything out of you. It's the way all doctors ought to do. But this Dr. Brinckerhoff thinks he can find all about a person's vital organs by looking down his throat. He ought to know that he can't really see anything."

"He could see the tonsils, and that's where the trouble is."

"Howard," said Maude, tragically, "how do you know? I may have heart trouble. Almost everybody has nowadays, and you don't seem to care a bit. Besides he was quite rough with me and you never said a word. He opened my mouth a foot wide."

Unhappily, at this point I laughed.

"You just let me show you what he did," she cried. "I'm sure he used the instrument with which he holds down horse's tongues when their back teeth have to be filled. Just wait and I'll show you."

I remonstrated; but she was gone. In a second she returned with a large silver soup ladle.

"Now you stand up there by the light," she said. I had no choice but

"HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT?"

to obey. She stood up in a chair beside me and wreathed her hand in my luxuriant locks. She twisted my head around till I could see the two buttons on the back of my coat. Then she inserted the soup ladle into my mouth, and gave a truly realistic imitation of Dr. Brinckerhoff's methods, as they may appear, if, according to Maude's idea, they are practised principally upon horses and hippopotami.

"How do you like that?" she exclaimed. "If your head doesn't feel good to-morrow come around to my office, and I will cut it off."

Then she laughed hysterically. I began to fear that Dr. Brinckerhoff's visit might not be wholly productive of good in our family. It seemed improbable that Maude would take his medicine, and little real benefit could result simply from his bill. But by a clever ruse I induced her to take the medicine in spite of its color. I showed her how wicked it would be to waste the eighty-five cents I had paid for it. She ought to take it now in order to save the money, even though it might be unlovely and ineffectual. I pointed out to her that by taking it in the dark the defect of color could be reduced to a minimum; and I added that if she took it and became much worse it would be a signal triumph over Dr. Brinckerhoff.

My arguments prevailed; and the next day she was quite well. I never knew an inflamed throat to be relieved with such magical celerity. And I never saw Maude so utterly disgusted. She tried very hard to convince herself and me that the medicine hadn't done her one bit of good, but in her own heart she knew that it had cured her, and she raged accordingly.

But has her estimate of Dr. Brinckerhoff's professional value been effected? Yes; she regards him with an even deeper distrust and aversion. When she is ill again she will insist on calling Dr. Merwyn Jones, and he will be very polite to her, three times a week, for the next seven years.

As for me, it may be ordained by Providence that I shall go out and select dress goods for my wife, or even that I shall try to match something the color of which was never duplicated in earth or sky; but I will never select a doctor for her again, even if he has diplomas from Poole and McAllister.

HOWARD FIELDING.

Welcome Information.

Tramp—Please, mum, I haven't a friend or a relative in the world.

Housekeeper—Well, I'm glad there's no one to worry over you in case you get hurt. Here, Tige!—N. Y. Weekly.

It Will Build You Up

Are you all run down? *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda will build you up and put flesh on you and give you a good appetite.

Scott's Emulsion **cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine.** Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

Mazzam—Do you think that people will have some occupation in the next world similar to the one they have here?

Gaddox—I hope so.

Mazzam—Why? What do you do?

Gaddock—Nothing.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Maude—I had an offer of marriage yesterday.

Mabel—Was it a cash offer?

It Never fails to Cure—MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

"I love to hear the gladsome note of the whip-poor-will," said the romantic girl.

"I'd rather see a $100 bill," replied her matter-of-fact young man. "That's a gladsome note good enough for me."

Ripans Tabules: a family remedy.

Magazine editor—So you think that the poetry that I print is poor.

Critical reader—I must confess I do.

Magazine editor—Well, you ought to see what I reject.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

He—Which way was Tommy Toodles bound when you saw him?

She—In full calf, jndging by his conversation.

The best and only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It cures. Take no other. 50 cents.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells only

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

COAL

—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

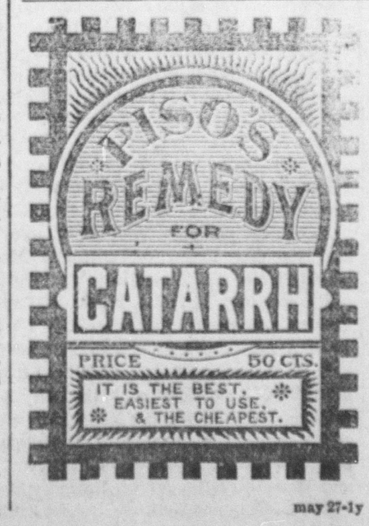
AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712.

RUPTURE

To obtain the best knowledge of how to be cured, send for J. A. Sherman's New Publication, illustrated with photographic likenesses of American and English patients before treatment and after cure, with particulars of each case. No work so convincingly interesting has ever before been published. Sent by expression receipt of 25 cts. Plain book of information sent for 10 cts. Sherman recently returned from London, England, where the result of his treatment surprised the most eminent Surgeons, and may now be consulted at his former offices. Address J. A. SHERMAN, Hernia Specialist, 294 Broadway N. Y.



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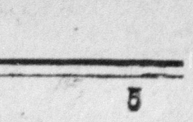
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MILK PRESERVATIVE!

Milkmen, Dairymen and Creamerymen can keep Milk and Cream 5 to 7 days, sweet and fresh WITHOUT ICE. Simple, unfailing, tasteless and cheap. Sample to any address on receipt of 2c. postage. Patentees & Sole Mfrs. Preservaline Mfg. Co., 10 Cedar St., N. Y. 24-14-4t

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R. J. SCHADD & BRO

Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellef Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
LOWEST PRICES AND
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Telephone connection.
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CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED.

I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.

CHARLES MCCLELLAN.
10-tf.

Clothes REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 231 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention a once.
23 48 tf WILLIAM MCCLELLAN.

CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.

Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases. Known by a tired, languid feeling; inaction of the kidneys weakens and poisons the blood and unless cause is removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Brights Disease and Dropsy—MRS. I. L. C. MILLER, Bethlehem, Pa. 1,000 other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed.

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Sold by all Reliable Druggists. 24.14.26t.eow

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

Cures thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria. More Ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause. Why suffer when you can be cured? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a celebrated family medicine.

YOUR DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.

Bellefonte Republican,

To Correspondents.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Ex-Governor Beaver will speak at Howard on Memorial day.

—Get your seats for the Bellefonte minstrels next Tuesday evening. They will be great.

—Ex-Treasurer Charles Smith has been confined to his house for several days past. He has been quite ill.

—A. C. Mingle represented Centre Lodge No. 153, I. O. O. F., of Bellefonte, at the Grand Lodge which met ot Reading last week.

—Eighteen large cattle which were fattened at State College were recently shipped from Oak Hall station to London, England.

—Post Master James A. Fiedler and family spent last Sunday with his parents at Madisonburg. They had a very pleasant time.

J. H. Olliger, Justice of the Peace of Coleville, on May 6, married Harvey W. Hampton to Miss Nora Young, both of Spring township.

—Rev. John DeLong, formerly pastor of the Reformed church of Bellefonte, delighted his old parishioners by preaching to them last Sunday.

—Mrs. Issac Guss and Mrs. Alex Pearce were called to Kylertown on Wednesday by the serious illness of their sister, Mrs James Stewart.

—The treasury department has issued orders to the various sub-treasurers telling them not to receive coins on which advertisements have been pasted. This practice has become quite common among business men, and it is a great nuisance to the treasury officials.

—Last week, Tuesday evening, Postmaster James A. Fiedler and wife entertained Col. Amos Mullen and wife and Joseph Ceaders and wife, at their home on High street, Bellefonte. A bounteous repast was served, consisting of several courses, and a very pleasant evening spent.

—James Ward who is employed on the foundation of the new building being built in the rear of James Harris & Co's Hardware store had his fingers badly smashed last Friday in the cogs of the derrick used for hoisting stone. After having his wound dressed by Dr. Dobbins he was taken to his home in Bush's Addition.

—We hope that Memorial Day will be observed by everybody in the spirit that prompted its origin. The day has been set apart by the survivors of the Union array as a day of mourning rather than a time for indulging in sensuous pleasure; a time for reverencing the memory of the heroic dead rather than lauding the living.

—Mrs. Jane Swires, a former resident of Milesburg, but of late years made her home with one of her sons at Pittsburg, died in in that place on Tuesday, May 16. Her remains were brought to Milesburg for burial last Thursday. She was 84 years old. She had no particular disease and death is said to have resulted from old age.

—It is said that a widow lady well known in Bellefonte has agreed to put a memorial window in remembrance of her late husband, to cost three hundred dollars, into the front of the new Lutheran church which is in process of erection on corner of Linn and Allegheny streets, the window will be of beautiful design and a great ornament to the building. The society is highly pleased with this beautiful present.

—On Tuesday, May 30, the home minstrel troupe will give their second performance in Garman's Opera House. The proceeds will be devoted to the benefit of the Bellefonte base ball club. The entertainment will be entirely new and in no particular a repetition of the first performance. New songs, dances, and Jokes will be given and the crowded house that witnessed the first entertainment should be again accorded the young men in their second effort. The performance will be well worth the price of admission and its merits.

—The graves of the departed soldiers will be decorated at Farmer's Mills, Spring Mills and George's Valley, in the following order on Decoration day. Veterans, Sunday school scholars and people generally will participate: 8.30 a. m., Farmers Mills; 1 p. m. Georges Valley; 5.30 p. m. Spring Mills. Henry C. Quigley, Esq., will be the speaker at Spring Mills, Rev. Elsenburg at Farmers Mills, and D. M. Wolfe at Georges Valley. The veterans will be accompanied by a drum corps and a brass band.

—Quite a number of Bellefonters, who could find nothing better to do, went out to Curtins old mine bank east of the town last Sunday to visit a Gipsy band of about a dozen people, their covered wagons and six poor horses. They were found to be dirty in habits and dress and quite profame in their conversation. They had a deaf and dumb woman with them who appeared to be superior to the rest and was the chief attraction. When such a crowd draws a crowd what is the difference between the crowd that draws and the crowd drawn? "See."

ARREST OF JOHN N. WAHN ON SUSPICION OF CAUSING THE DEATH OF MRS. WINKLEMAN, OF NITTANY HALL.

Some time ago we gave an account of a fatal accident to Mrs. Winkleman, who lived near Nittany Hall, in which it was then stated that her death was the result of a fall from a hay mow in the barn. The accident occured on the 15th of April. Since then suspicion has been aroused that there was something wrong about this death and this connection the Lock Haven *Democrat* says: The physician who was called in to attend Mrs. Winkleman was not altogether satisfied with the story of the fall and after making an examination was convinced that she had died from criminal operation. His supicions was divulged to a physician in this city, who in turn informed District Attorney Hall. The district attorney gave the matter into the hands of Chief Keller, who as county detective went to work on the case.

John N. Wahn, a young man of Lock Haven who has been treating women in the country, had been at the Winkleman residence on the Saturday mentioned and suspicion was directed toward him. Chief Keller went to Salona and received information which justified the district attorney in ordering the arrest of Wahn. Accordingly about 11 o'clock Wednesday night Wahn was seen at Krom's hotel Conser, of Salona, the physician who was called in for consulation the morning that Mrs. Winkleman died, was seen at Williamsport Thursday morning by Chief Keller. Dr. Conser, in response to the inquiries of the officers, said that the cause of the death of Mrs. Winkleman was sufficient to hold Wahn until further investigatoon.

In an interview with a reporter Mr. Wahn says that he had gone to the Winkleman residence on that Saturday evening to call on a sister of Mrs. Winkleman. Mrs. Winkleman was suffering greatly, and he was requested both by Mr. and Mrs. Winkleman to relieve her. He admits there were evidence of abortion, but could not say whether it was caused accidentally or criminally. If it was criminally performed he declaims all knowledge of the perpetrator of the deed. He asserts that his efforts to relieve the woman were done in the presence of the husband, and that he did nothing that was in violation of the law. When asked whether he knew who suggested that the story be circulated that Mrs. Winkleman had fallen from the hay mow, said he did not know that any such excuses had been given for the woman's misfortune. He said that she had once or twice voluntarily attended to his horse when he stopped there, but he did not know anything of the accident referred to until he read it in the papers.

As both Dr. Huston and Dr. Conser, who attended Mrs. Winkleman shortly before her death, say that a criminal operation was performed and that the death of the woman resulted therefrom, and as in their judgment the act was committed by Wahn, the district attorney concluded this afternoon to hold the young man.

The crime having been committed in Centre county, the district attorney at Bellefonte was notified this afternoon of the arrest.

District attorney W. J. Singer of Bellefonte went to Lock Haven last Friday and took charge of the prisoner and he was brought here and lodged in jail. He was born in Philadelphia, is 27 years old. He went to Lock Haven three years ago, took an active interest in the Y. M. C. A. there, was a teacher of a class in Sunday school and made himself useful in church work. He was taken before Squire Foster on his arrival here and given a preliminary hearing and sent to await trial at the August term of court.

STATE COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT

The commencement exercises of State College will be held June 11—14 with the following programme:

Sunday, June 11, 10.30 a. m.—Baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Merritt Hulbard, D. D., of Philadelphia.

Monday, June 12, 2 p. m.—Annual inter-class Athletic contest.

8 p. m.—Junior oratorical contest.

Tuesday, June 13, 8.30 a. m.—Annual meeting of the Alumni Association. 9.45—Artillery salute. 10 a. m.—Annual Meeting of trustees. 12 m.—Alumni Dinner (in the Armory.) 2 p. m.—Meeting (in room 121) of delegates and Alumni to elect Trustees. 3.—Exhibition drill of State College Cadets. 8.—Annual address before the Alumni by the Hon. Chas. Emory Smith, late Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia. 9.11.—Reception in the Armory, by the Faculty.

Wednesday, June 14, 9.30 a. m.—Graduation Exercises of the class of '93. Commencement Address by Charles DeGarme, LL.D., President of Swarthmere College.

An examination of candidates for admission will be held at the College, Thursday, June 15, at 9 o'clock a. m.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

The following marriage licenses were issued last week:

Mr. Edmund Holmes, of New Jersey, and Miss Mary Fisher, of Unionville; Mr. David Pierce, and Miss Mary Hall, both of Philipsburg; Mr. Wm. Fleck, of Philipsburg, and Miss Maudly Smell, of Blue Bail; Mr. J. F. Kelper, of New York, and Miss Eva Shank, of Boggs Township; Roy Baldwin, of New York, and Miss Mary A. Mills, of Boggs Township; John Mitchell, and Miss Sarah Farance, both of Philipsburg; Mr. Wm. B. Fleck, of Bellefonte, and Miss Mary Hoover, of Roland; Mr. Herbert Morris and Miss Jane Robson, both of Hawk Run; Mr. Wm. R. Jenkins, and Miss Katharine Stott, both of Bellefonte; Mr. Eugene Berry, of Beech Creek, and Miss Bertha Schenck, of Howard.

UNIONVILLE ITEMS.

We received the following communication from Unionville last week just a little too late to appear in last issue. As it is written by an able and careful reporter we give it this week.

The latest sensation here was a wedding at the residence of William P. Fisher on the 11th, in which occasion his daughter Mary was wedded to Edmund S. Holms, of New Jersey, in accordance with the custom of Friends. They left in the evening for his home in New Jersey. It was a quiet wedding, none but a few of the near relatives being invited.

William P. Fisher, Jr., the young Attorney of New York, was here a few days last week attending the wedding of his sister Mary. He is raising a pair af New York whiskers which are a novelty in this locality.

We are having some more of Hicks' old rainy weather which is very much again corn planting. A few farmers got their corn planted during the nice days of last week.

The prospect for a crop of fruit is very good now—the hills on either side here are a blooming flower garden.

We notice with pleasure the good prospect of Bellefonte getting a new Railroad and hope the company may find sufficient inducement in the coal and iron oar fields of the South West to continue up our Valley and give us the benefit of competion in rates, etc.

Mr. Davis, who lost his horse in the flood near Howard a few days ago and was nearly drowned himself, is alive and well again and was on our streets this week.

A LEWISBURG ELOPEMENT.

An elopement took place in Lewisburg a short time ago, the facts of which were successfully concealed for a time by the friends of the parties. The principals in the affair were Dr. Eyer Walter, aged 40 years famous for buying and selling out drug stores, and the 21 year old daughter of a hotel keeper at Selinsgrove.

For some time Dr. Walter has been acting peculiarly in his relations to his wife, and his affections for the Selinsgrove girl have for some time been apparent, so the desertion of the wife and child was not unexpected on the wife's part.

Before Dr. Walter left he drew all his money from Lewisburg banks and made some collections, so that his purse contained about $6,000 to meet the expenses of his "second honeymoon."

The Lewisburg drug store, together with a farm in Kansas, is deeded to his wife, who is a daughter of Mr. Jacob Sanders, of New Berlin, and is a highly esteemed lady.

Dr. Walter and companion, it is supposed, left for the west. Mrs. Walter, the deserted wife, will dispose of some of her property and remain in Lewisburg. *Chronicle.*

WEDDED AT PHILIPSBURG.

We copy from the Philipsburg Journal On Thursday evening, May 18, by Rev. W. H. Lingenfelter, at his residence on Spruce street, Mr. William Hawkins to Miss Mary Agnes Womer, both of Morrisdale Mines, Pa.

The bride is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Womer, who have been residents of Morrisdale for more than twenty years, and one of the most respectable families of the community. She is a cousin to our townsman, E. S. Womer, the "one price clothier." The groom is a son of Mr. John Hawkins, also a resident of Morrisdale for a number of years. The attendants were Mr. George Womer, brother of the bride and constable of Morris township, and Miss Jeannette Mason, daughter of John Mason, of Morrisdale. The happy couple intend to make Morrisdale their home, at least for the present. They have our best wishes for a happy and prosperous life.

Mr. William Fleck, of South Philipsburg, has just taken unto himself a bride in the person of Miss Amanda Smeal, of Blue Ball, last Thursday the young couple entered upon the duties of housekeeping.

OFFICIALS BIDS OVER.

B., R. and P. officials came over the Clearfield and Mahoning railroad Wednesday inspecting the new road, Virginia, the car so well known to railroad men from Buffalo to Punxsutawney, was attached to the train, and many of the natives gazed upon it and commented upon its magnificence, and one old resident sagely remarked, "B'gosh, if them fellers ain't got a kitchen, eatin tables and a nigger cook in that ere kare." It is said that regular passenger trains will be put on the new road about June 1 and a general freight traffic commened.—Curwensville Review.

—We are sorry to learn of the illness of Rev. J. Zeigler, the florist, who has for years supplied a large number of patrons in Bellefonte with flowers, plants and bulbs. This year he will be unable to deliver plants of any kind but as he has a large number of nice plants he will be glad to furnish them to those who will go to his place for them. Mr. Zeigler always had the finest tomatoe plants to be found anywhere, no doubt he has them now. If you want anything in his line go to his place and get them.

—Go to the Eureka Grocery for what you want in the grocery line. They will treat you square.

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 5

Headquarters Dep't. of Penna. G. A. R., No. 1025 Arch St. Philadelphia, May 1st, 1893.

Comrades:

Aother year has passed and we are again reminded the time is approaching when we make our annual visitation to the habitations of the dead. More than twenty-eight years have passed since the Angel of Peace spread her wings over our beloved country. In all that time you have never faltered in your devotion to the memory of your departed comrades, and now in the midst of this beautiful season of the year, when all nature is bright, and the sweet perfume of the flowers of spring is around and about us, it were well that we stop at the milestone of 1893, and with solemn thoughts and utterances renew our allegiance to the cause for which so many of our brave comrades went down to their death, or since the eventful days of the war have dropped by the wayside. Let us show by our zeal in the performance of this sacred duty, that we believe it is well for the country to thus honor the memory of her defenders, and in this manner teach an object lesson of patriotism which will never be forgotten. For our comrades who have answered the last roll call there are in our hearts words, that are as Passion flowers, and sentences that are as wreaths of Amaranth. They sleep under the dew and the daisy. To their memory, on May 30th, we will drop the tribute of a tear; and on the lowly mounds scattered throughout our great Commonwealth let us plant the beautiful flowers of spring time, that will be watersd with the tears of the people of a grateful country. As we bend o'er the graves of our comrades, we can recall, as is in sweet communion, their noble, unselfish sacrifices and heroic bearing in the hour of danger, for humanity and civilization. In this spirit of meditation we look about us and see the evidences of prosperity all over this land, and whilst we can recall nothing which can arouse a feeling of vindictiveness or sectional passion, we feel proud of the fact that our honored dead were comrades in the grandest volunteer army the world ever knew. Let us, therefore, perform the duties of the day in a reverent spirit, and thus show to the world our appreciation of their efforts in the days of long ago and for the few remaining days allotted to us let us so live that when we, too, shall have been called, "we may wrap the drapery of our couch about us and lie down like one to pleasant dreams.

II. In accordance with the established custom Posts will arrange for attending Divine service, Sunday, May 28th. Special efforts should also be made to have ministers of the different denominations address their respective congregations on the duty of the citizen to the Nation.

III. Committees of the different Posts throughout the Department should arrange to visit the public school prior to May 30th, and call the attention of the children, by short addresses, to the lessons taught by the ceremonies of that day.

IV. In localities where there are more than one Post, joint arrangements should be made and invitations extended to the Ladies of the Grand Army, Woman's Relief Corps and Sons of Veterans, to participate in the services of the day.

V. Posts desiring Memorial Day Services, as adopted by the Department of Pennsylvania, and published in pamphlet form, will be furnished with copies free of charge upon application to these Headquarters.

By command of *Department Commander*
Thos. G. Sample.

Samuel P. Town.

Asst. Adjt. General.

—Last Wednesday afternoon Thos. Eckert, an aged citizen of Snow Shoe Intersection, was crossing the bridge near Central City, which spans the bald Eagle creek at that place, when he was struck by the lock Haven local freight, on its way to Bellefonte, and killed. His body was not much bruised. He was 77 years old and hard of hearing and it is thought he did not hear the train approach. He leaves four children, viz, John, Thomas, Hughs, and Mrs. Mary Grossmire, who lives near where the accident, took place and to whose house he was taken immediately. He was a forgeman by trade and has worked for years for Valentine and company. At the time of his death he was making his home with one of his sons at the Intersection. His wife died about three years ago. The funeral occured last Friday morning at 10 o'clock. He was a man well known to most people here and was much respected.

SUDDEN DEATH AT BOALSBURG.

Last Sunday George Patterson a young man about 20 years old who works on the farm of William McFarlane near Boalsburg went to that town as was his custom to enjoy an evening with his friends. While standing with a party of young men near the store of John Weber he suddenly fell against a young man by the name of Calvin Riley who, supposing he was in play, stepped one side Patterson fell to the ground and in less than three minutes was dead. His friends were horror struck and soon as they realized what had happened they picked him up and carried him to the undertaking establishment of Mr. Weber and from there he was taken home. It is said that his death was caused by heart desease brought on it is thought by the excessive use of tobacco.

—James Johnston, of Philipsburg, rode down town and tying his horse in front of a store went about some business; when it was time to go home he went, never thinking about his horse. The animal stood till twelve o'clock at night when it was taken care of by a policeman. Now Bellefonters are not forgetful that way; they never forget to ride. Perhaps had they owed the store keeper a bill they might forget to tie their horse in front of his store. Quite likely.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Weaver returned home last week from a pleasant visit among friends in Philadelphia.

Harry Everhart, who lives on East Lamb Street, was visited last Sunday evening by a little boy who has come to stay. The mother is doing well and Harry is happy.

Mr. John Ardell, his wife and two daughters, accompanied by Miss Charlotte Crittenden, departed last Tuesday to spend a week or ten days among friends in New York state. Miss Crittenden is a sister of Mrs Ardell.

Harvey Griffith went last week to Reading as a Representative of the Bellefonte Encampment of the I. O. O. F. to the grand Encampment, which held its annual session in that place and, of course, saw all there was to see.

Samuel Nevling, who has been employed for the past six years as one of the bookkeepers at the First National Bank of Bellefonte accepted on May 3rd a position in the Columbia National Bank, of Buffalo, New York. His friends here wish him success in his new field of labor.

ARRESTED FOR STEALING.

Boyd H. Stonerode, a telegraph operator, son of C. P. Stonerode of Milesburg, was arrested in Huntingdon last Thursday for the theft of a check from a fellow operator at Spruce Creek. When searched a check book belonging to Blackwell and Sanders, of Driftwood, Pa., with several of the blanks filled out for amounts up to $480, was found on the prisoner. These check were made out by Stonerode, called for payment at the Cochran, Payne & McCormick bank, of Williamsport, and the figures representing the amounts were stamped through the paper. Stonerode was unsuccessful in having the checks cashed at the Huntingdon bank. He is now in jail.

Stonerode is an old offender, having been guilty of similar transactions several times before, although he has been quite fortunate in escaping punishment. We are sorry he is so persistent in wrong doing.

Items taken from the Philipsburg Ledger of last Saturday:

—This ¶ is to announce that the weather in this ⅔ this winter has been without a ‖ since the morning * * sang together, in consequence of which § § are scarce in this office, and we are obliged to —this opportunity of urging our subscribers to ☞ in what they owe us on subscriptions, as we dislike to stand around with a † in our ☞ to keep our creditors from taking our personal effects. Do U C?

—For twenty four years a turtle has crawled out of Favinger's dam on the first warm day in May and waded up to Michael Mackey's house, at Parkerford. Last Tuesday the veteran creature crept out of the muddy banks and greeted his human friend. The turtle will remain about Mackey's house all summer and retire in the autumn.

—Mice ate a hole through the bottom of Adam Hinkleman's granery, near Huntingdon, and 300 bushels of wheat streamed through into the horse stable below.

—The guileless, but strictly democratic, citizens of Penn's "Valley" are excited over a reputed gold find in that section. The location is being kept a profound secret until the analysis of the mineral is completed.

—Last Friday evening the Lock Haven school board awarded the contract for building their new school house in the First ward of that city to D. K. Tate of Bellefonte Mr. Tate's bid was the lowest among twelve other bids, being $15,541, he to give a credit of $2000 for the old building which he is to tear down at his own expense and use material as for as practicable in the construction of the new building. This leaves the net price of the new building to the school district $13,541. Mr. Gould, the solicitor for the school board, was instructed to draw up a contract with Mr. Tate and present it to the board for their approval Robert Cole, of Bellefonte, is the architect that drew the plans for the new building and like everything that he does, they are said to be perfect.

—W. Fred Reynolds will continue the prize offered by his uncle to the pupil that excells in recitations and declamations in the Bellefonte High School. This prize was contested for on Monday evening, May 22, at the Opera House.

THE BIG SHOW.

It Advertised to Do a Good Deal and Did All It Advertised

Walter L. Main's Mammoth show was on exhibition at Ord yesterday and proved to be a splendid show in every particular. Those who attended with the expectation of finding it inferior to its claims were happily disappointed. It was as good as its advertisements. Evidently its proprietor does not believe, with Barnum, that the American public loves to be humbugged. There was no humbug yesterday.

The menagerie department of the show is excellent. All the animals are rare and fine specimens of their kind. In the circus tent the show simply overtops everything that has ever come this way. The tent is a monster pavillion equipped with two rings and a large race track. Promptly at the hour named the performance began and was kept up in all the rings and on the stage till 10.30. The performances were all excellent and were highly appreciated. Daring trapeze performances and wonderful equestrianship, in every conceivable manner, beautiful tight rope performances and numerous other thrilling exercises were performed in rapid succession and all with scarcely a break or fault.

The almost human sagacity of the trained dogs, horses and elephants was something most marvelous.

One great feature of the show is its splendid array of beautiful and trained horses. About 500 of these animals are in the service of this great show. They show the care and training that is bestowed upon them.

Everything about the show proves its prosperity. There is nothing dilapidated about it. Everything is in excellent order.

In keeping with this might be mentioned the fact that no lecherous snides accompanied the show. No gamblers, pickpockets or thugs are present with it. It is a first-class show in every particular—clean, decent and orderly, and worthy the patronage of the most refined.—Ord Weekly Quiz, Neb.

Will be in Bellefonte next Saturday, May 27th, and give two exhibitions—afternoon and evening.

EXCURSION.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend Walter L. Main's Show on Saturday, May 27th, at Bellefonte, Pa., the Bellefonte Central Railroad will sell excursion tickets, from all stations, at the following rates:

From State College, Pa.,	75
" Strubles,	75
" Krumrine,	75
" Waddle,	50
" Briarly,	45
" Fillmore,	35
" Hunters,	25
" Whitmer,	20
" Morris,	15
" Red Bank,	80
" Stormstown,	75
" Mattern,	70
" Graysdale,	60

The train leaving Bellefonte at 4.40 p. m will wait at Glass Works Crossing until the afternoon performance is over. Passengers for Red Bank Branch will return by this train. A special train will leave the Glass Works Crossing at 11 o'clock p. m., or immediately after show, for State College.

F. H. Thomas, Supt.

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

There are reports on the way telling of a man who stops at a hotel claiming that he has a car load of horses coming, gets sale notices printed, engages an auctioneer, stabling for his horses, etc., and then, pretending he is short a little cash, tries to borrow. He is aged about 55 years, nearly six feet tall, wears glasses, one eye defective, short dark beard, a good talker German accent. He worked Towanda early in April, Bloomsburg about April 15, and Lewistown April 30.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 70
Mixed wheat per bushel	68
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	50
Corn (ears)	45
Oats	35
Barley	45
Cloverseed, fair to good	5 40
do prime and extra prime	9.00
do choice	9 60
Flour, retail, per barrel	5.00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	11.00
" choice " " "	12.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	80
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10 — 13
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	25
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	15
Hams, sugar cured	18
Shoulders	17
Breakfast Bacon	17
Country Bacon	16
Lard, leaf, per pound	16
Lard, country, per pound	12
Eggs, per dozen	15
Potatoes, per bushel	85
Dried Beef	25
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	10
Canned Tomatoes, per can	2 — 5
Canned Corn, per can	15 — 18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried Sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	8
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25